

My Father Is Sportscaster **CHRIS SCHENKEL**

JACK ^{AND} JILL[®]

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1968 50c



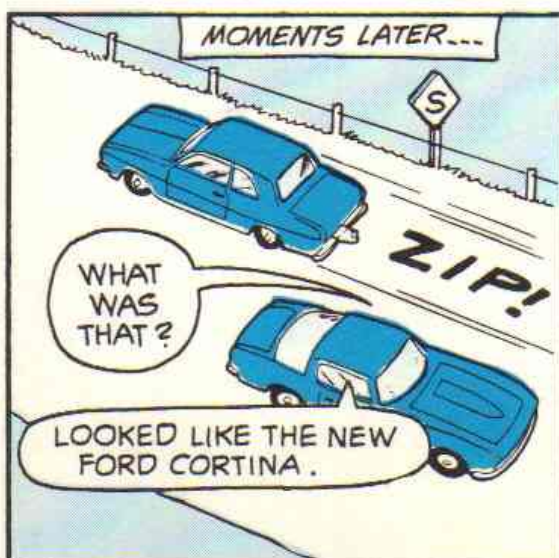
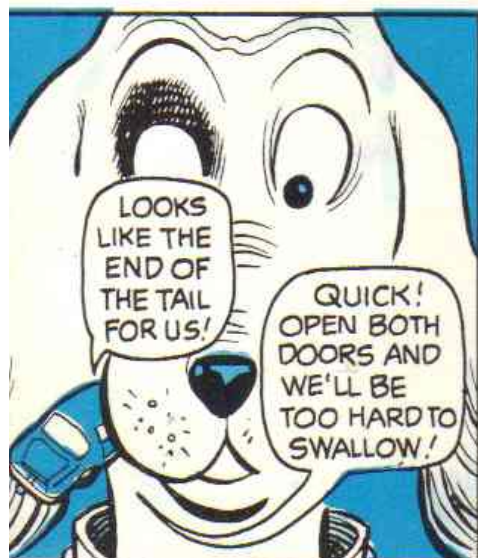
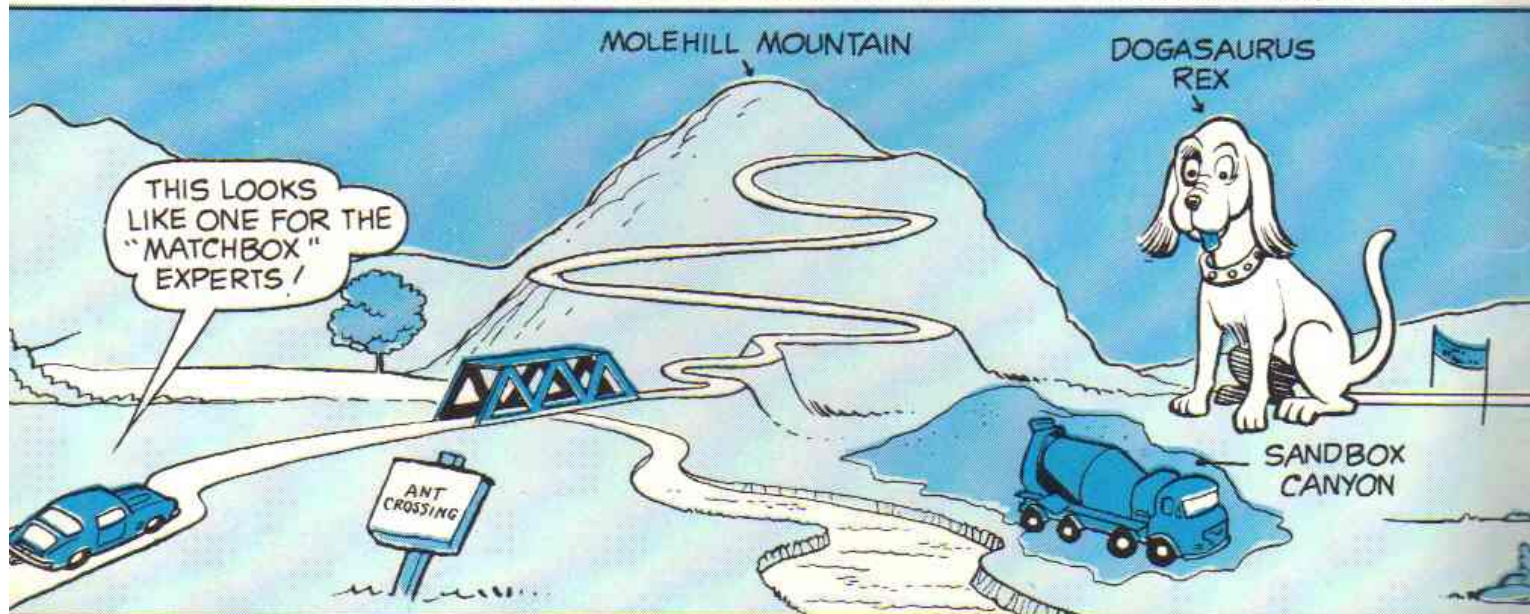
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1965—1967



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THE FORBIDDEN MOUNTAINS

By MARGARET LOMONACO GIACALONE



PART ONE

A Story in Two Parts

PHILIPPE VALLON hurried through the dense woods, keeping a careful eye out for hickory trees. His sister Suzette was tagging close behind, also looking. Maman wanted hickory nuts to make delicious nut-cakes for the community feast, and they had left the fort soon after day-break. They had promised to return before it was time for the hunt to begin; otherwise, Maman would not have permitted them to go into the woods at all.

Suzette's quick eyes spotted a loaded tree, and they left the path to gather fallen nuts. Abruptly, Philippe stopped and laid a finger to his lips, motioning for her to listen. A faint moaning sound was coming from the underbrush before them. Then they heard a whinny.

"Isn't it too early for the hunters to be out?" Suzette asked. "Besides, they surely know it's against the rules to use horses."

Philippe rounded a thick hemlock and exclaimed, "Good heavens! It's an Indian boy—it must be!"

Neither of them had ever seen an Indian. No one else in the French

settlement in the Pennsylvania mountains had seen an Indian in those parts since the Great Massacre of 1735. That was 15 years ago, before Philippe and Suzette were born.

The quiet figure lay face down. A rawhide strip fastened around one wrist circled the neck of a wiry pony that stood near the fallen lad. There was blood on his head. "He's hurt," Suzette cried. "We must help him." In a hushed tone she added, "—even if he is an enemy. Do you think the men would—would kill him if they found him?"

Philippe nodded. "Most likely. He broke the treaty by crossing the mountains." He added quietly, "Monsieur La Rue would pull the trigger. He had a son about this boy's age who was killed in the Great Massacre."

The Indian boy stirred and rolled over, away from the jagged stone on which he had fallen. The blood still trickling from the gash on his head matted his black, unbraided hair and stained his fawn-brown face.

"Get behind that tree," Philippe ordered his sister. He strode toward the boy.



ART BY LEONARD VOSBURGH

With difficulty the Indian focused his bewildered eyes. When he saw the white-skinned boy above him, he reached quickly for a knife tucked in his buckskin pants.

Swiftly Philippe held out his hands, one empty and the other holding a sack of nuts. "I do not wish to harm you," he said. "Can you understand what I say?"

The Indian lifted himself to a sitting position. "Reverend Winters teach us white man's tongue."

At this Suzette pulled a clean handkerchief from her pocket and darted forward. "What happened to you?" she asked, holding the handkerchief to the boy's wound.

"My horse, him still little wild. He hear noise and throw me," the Indian boy said, pulling away from her. He struggled to his feet to examine a graze wound on his horse's flank.

"But why did you come here?" Suzette demanded. "You know it is forbidden by the treaty."

"It is so," the boy agreed. "I practice with bow. My horse run across and get hurt with arrow. It scare him, make him run over mountains. I not want to lose good horse."

"It's your life you'll be losing if you don't get out of here," Philippe warned him. "You picked the wrong day to track your horse on this side of the mountains. Probably no one saw you coming over because we're about two miles above the settlement; but in a little while all our able men will be swarming through these woods. Today's the day of the annual community hunt. Someone will be bound to catch you going back."

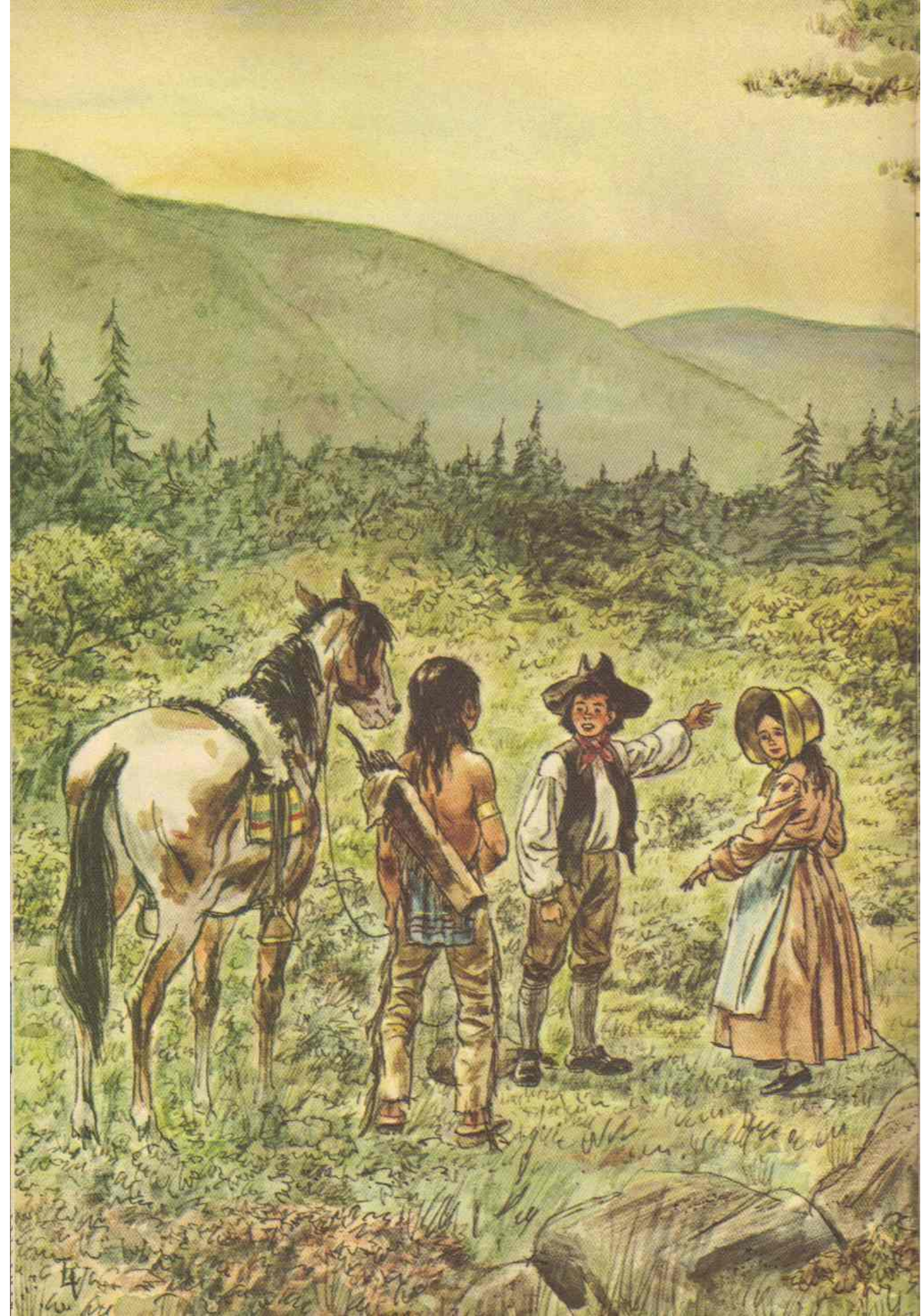
"I go quick," the boy said, poising to leap onto his horse.

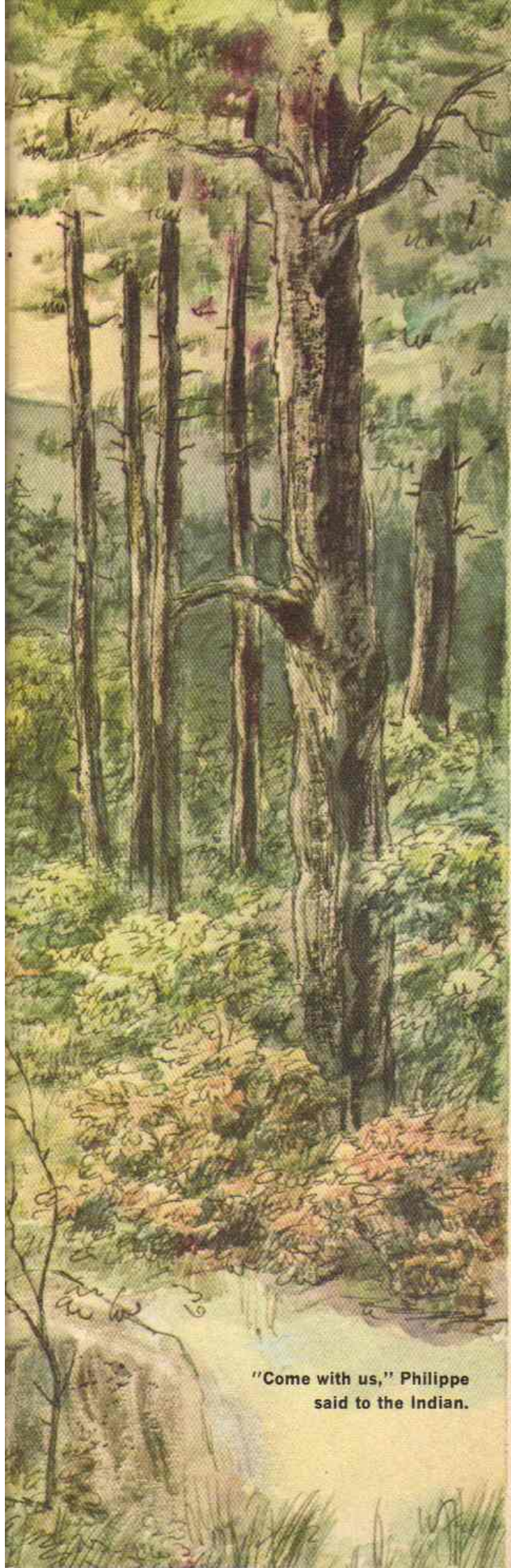
"No!" Philippe grasped the rawhide halter. "It's too risky. You'd never make it alive."

Suzette raised troubled eyes to her brother. "The bleeding has stopped. Since he seems all right now, why don't you let him go?" she asked in a timid undertone. "If Papa found out we were helping an enemy—he'd skin us like eels!"

Philippe's answer was swift. "If I were in Indian territory, wouldn't you hope someone would help me to get away safely?"

"You wouldn't be so foolish as to go there," she replied, still speaking under her breath.





"Come with us," Philippe
said to the Indian.

The Indian boy was bunching his brows suspiciously over their exchange of words, too low for him to understand. Philippe glanced at him, and made his decision.

"He's still hurt and shaken. We'll try to get him back to his side of the mountains." He straightened his shoulders; he felt older than his 12 years and almost as tall as the lanky Indian. "We'll show him the cave. There's no other way."

Philippe had discovered the cave, which crossed diagonally through most of the forest, by accident the year before. His foot had slipped into a hole, and when he pulled back, the hole had increased in size. He knelt to investigate and still more of the earth had crumbled until the hole was large enough for him to clamber down into the cave below.

Though scared by the unknown dangers he might meet, he was not willing to leave until he had explored the dark underground passage, and found the well-screened openings at both ends. There was no evidence that any human had ever been in the cave. When he came above ground again he had carefully crisscrossed branches over the cave-in and then scattered dirt on top of them. Thick, fast-growing creepers had covered the spot, so it was impossible now to tell where the hole had been.

Philippe had never told any person except his sister about the cave, and Suzette had been much too frightened ever to enter it.

"Come," Philippe spoke firmly to the Indian. "Follow us."

The boy hesitated, his eyes shifting from Philippe to Suzette to the trailless expanse of unfamiliar woods.

"We are friends," Philippe assured him. "We will not betray you."

"I come," the Indian replied at last, nodding his dark head.

Suzette picked up her nut sack and slung it over her shoulder.

"Put that sack down!" Philippe exclaimed. "We'll have to travel fast and light."

"But what will Maman say when we return without the nuts?"

"We promised Maman we'd be back at the fort before the men left," he reminded her, noting with a worried glance at the sun that time was growing short. Maman was waiting to make her famed nutcakes for the big sunset dinner they'd have inside the fort to welcome the returning hunters.

Soon the hunters would be beating through the forest in all directions and they would surely be trapped if they didn't find cover at once. They might all be killed if the men mistook them for game and fired at them. In any case, the Indian would be shot as a trespasser.

"I think," Philippe said, "Maman would rather see us without the nuts than . . ." He did not want to finish the sentence.

Suzette nodded reluctantly. She dumped half the nuts on the ground and swung the lightened load across her back. She gave her brother a pleading smile. "It's not a bit heavy now."

Philippe shrugged and led the way. She was not fully aware of their own grave danger and he would not stress it—at least not yet. He felt a proud protectiveness towards her. Like the Indian, she was depending on him, and he must not fail either of them.

Only a short while ago he'd been thinking happily of returning to the fort to help build and tend the fires that would roast joints of meat and ears of corn for the evening's feasting. It all seemed unimportant

now—the fun and excitement, the counting of the catch, the awarding of the prizes. What really mattered at the moment was that he think, and think hard, for their very lives.

He figured they might have, at best, a precious half hour before the hunt officially opened; but even as he thought it, a distant musket shot proved him wrong.

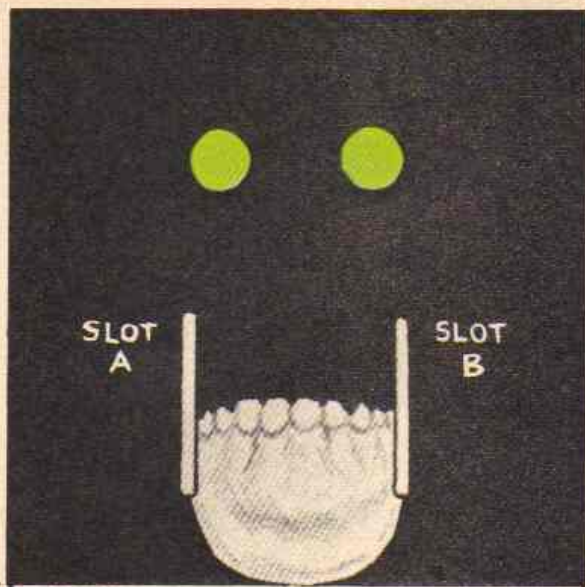
"We must go faster!" His voice was urgent, and he could feel his heart booming. Would they reach the cave in time?

Then a sudden thought stirred Philippe. He had thought only of saving the boy, but it was even more urgent than he had realized. If the boy were killed, the Indians would avenge him by breaking the treaty and going on the warpath again. The thought of what could happen made him shake in horror.

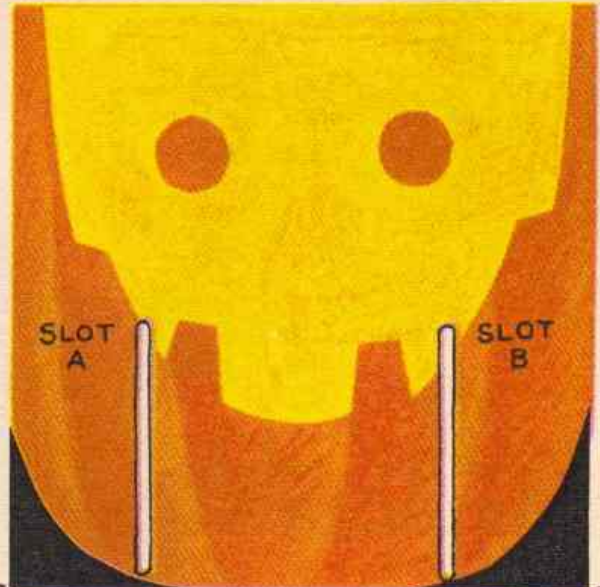
He had to prevent the start of a second massacre! He had to be as brave—and as successful—as that English missionary, the Reverend Jeremiah Winters, who had put an end to the Great Massacre of 1735.

That great man had proposed the peace treaty which established the mountains as the dividing line between the warring groups. No one from either side, so far as was known, had ever dared cross the Forbidden Mountains—until today. Philippe felt a responsibility as crushing as if the whole mountain range were toppling on him. "Faster," he commanded. "We must go faster!"

They are in danger from the hunters on their side and from the Indians beyond the Forbidden Mountains. This exciting tale will be concluded in the November
JACK and JILL.



FOLD
FOLD



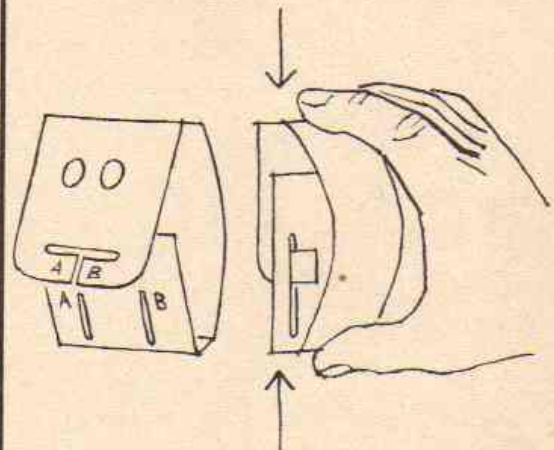
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SPOOK and

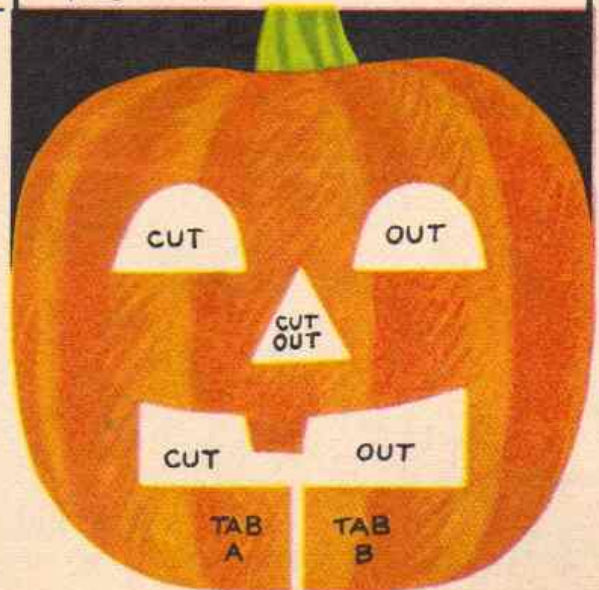
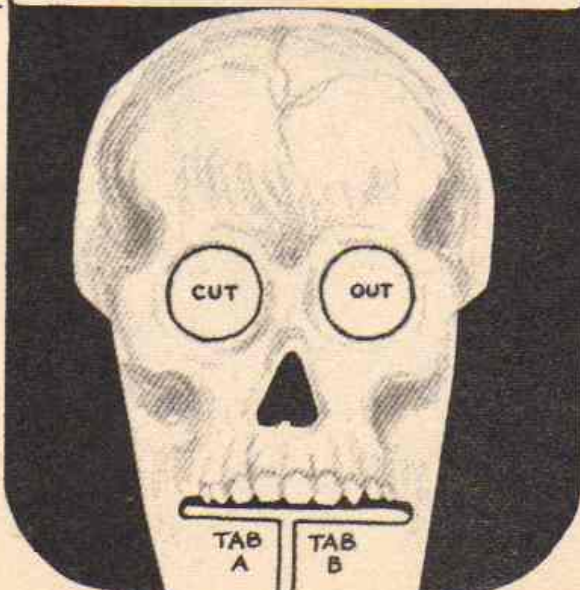
By Earl Handy

Glue page on heavy paper and cut out SPOOK and PUMPKIN. Cut out slots A and B, and mouth area above tabs. Fold on lines indicated and insert tab A in slot A and tab B in slot B. Now hold as in sketch and push down on the top.

PUMPKIN



FOLD
FOLD





October—month
Of witch and ghost;
To Halloween,
A cider toast!

Well Hi There!

When I asked Pete Pigeon what costume he was planning for Tommy's party on the 30th, he said, "I'm going as an eagle. How does that grab you?"

"Oh, it grabs me, all right," I told him, "but however does a pigeon become an eagle?"

"You'll see," my feathered pal replied; he spread his wings and took off for Independence Square and a handout lunch.

If you ask me, I think old Pete has a masquerade problem. As for me—I'm going to Tommy's party disguised as Christopher Columbus, that clever fellow who discovered America way back on October 12, 1492. Imagine that! And this year we are celebrating our 476th birthday.

Maybe I'm not as big or brave or handsome as dashing Chris, but if Pete Pigeon can look like an eagle, there's no reason why I can't strut off to Tommy's party as Columbus. Well, is there?

One of the JACK AND JILL editors who is mighty clever with a needle is making my costume. Ruff, doublet, hose, and feathered hat—but I'll probably end up still looking more like Perky Puppet than a dauntless explorer.



Have you chosen your Halloween costume? Will you go trick-or-treating as pirate, ghost, clown, tramp, or scarecrow? Or maybe a nurse, witch, gypsy, or white-capped chef? Come to think of it, maybe I'd better go as Punch—that is, if I can find a Judy to go along. Then all I'd need is a long false nose. Who *knows* who is under a costume?

Woops! Sorry about that pun—I just couldn't resist it.

There's more to Halloween than mere costumes. There's bobbing for apples and then there's nuts. And speaking of nuts, how's your supply?



Tommy, Pete, Noodle, and I went nutting last Saturday. We hiked out to Harvey's Woods and filled our bags with black walnuts and hickory nuts. We wanted to eat some right away, only we couldn't find any rocks to crack them on. But then Pete met Sam Squirrel. Sam, the original nutcracker, obligingly opened several for us, and we all had a feast.

Now here's a special secret message to you from me. Can you decode it?

^v [] [] [] [] [] Your pal
 >v [] [] [] [] []
 <v [] [] [] [] []
 >>^ <> [] [] [] []

Perky Puppet

P.S. If you want a copy of the code, send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I'll mail it to you pronto.

Do write me about your costumes and parties.

DOUBLE-DUTY HERO

By DOROTHY BRANDT MARRA

CARLA listened carefully as her fourth grade teacher, Miss Ellis, gave a special assignment. "Next week we're going to have Hero Day," she said. "Each of you will choose one of your country's heroes. Tell us what he or she did, and the class will try to identify the person."

"Oh, boy!" Carla's classmates murmured. "It'll be a game."

That evening at supper, Carla told her family about the assignment.

"Fine, fine," Mr. Romano said. "I want you to be a good American citizen, Carla."

"But I only know about Italian heroes," Carla said.

"Then you must learn about American heroes," her father said. "Get a book and read."

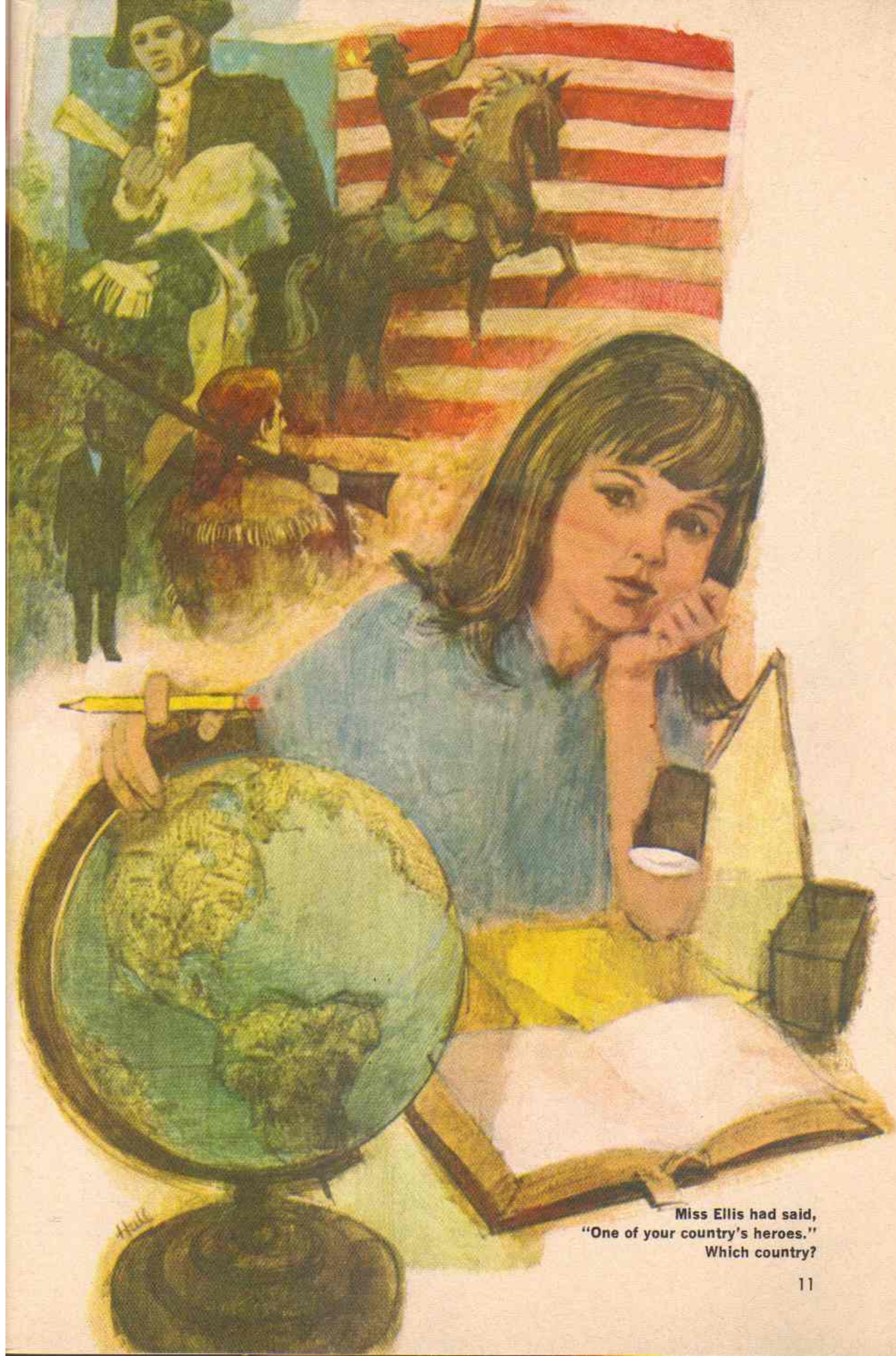
During the following week the fourth grade children circulated with library books under their arms and

mysterious expressions on their faces. Everyone was working on the special assignment—except Carla.

The more Carla thought about it, the more puzzled she became. Miss Ellis had said, "One of your country's heroes." Which country? Carla had been born in Italy, and that was her native land. But now she lived in America, and that was her adopted country. "I guess I'll have to write two reports," she told her family.

While looking over her assignment the night before Hero Day, Carla was spinning the globe absentmindedly, when her eyes lighted on the dotted

ART BY TOM HALL



Miss Ellis had said,
"One of your country's heroes."
Which country?

lines tracing the routes of the early explorers. She jumped to her feet. "I have it! I have it!" she cried.

She fetched the encyclopedia and studied for a while. Then she sat down and began to write. She would have to work quickly to finish it.

The next day before class, Carla went to her teacher. "Miss Ellis, you said we should report on 'one of your country's heroes,' but I didn't know which country—Italy or America."

"I'm sorry, Carla. I really meant America. You should have come to me sooner," said Miss Ellis.

"I did an American hero, George Washington, and one for Italy, Michelangelo. But then last night I remembered a man who is a hero to both America and Italy." Carla explained to the teacher about her double-duty hero.

"Carla, that's a great choice," Miss Ellis said. She called the class to order and asked for the reports. One after another, the children told their stories of heroes. Carla listened intently.

Timmy Scanlon finished his report, "... and he made famous the saying, 'I shall return.'"

"General Douglas MacArthur," said several boys in the class.

Next Susan White gave her report. She concluded with, "So it came about that this colonial seamstress made the first American flag."

"Who is this heroine?" Miss Ellis asked the class.

"Betsy Ross," the class answered.

Carla enjoyed the stories as the class continued. Babe Ruth. Robert E. Lee. Theodore Roosevelt. Dr. Jonas Salk. Daniel Boone. Clara Barton. Would the class like her story, she wondered. They wouldn't laugh as they had about Wrong-Way Corrigan nor would they cheer as they

had for Colonel Glenn. She waited anxiously for her turn.

"Carla Romano," Miss Ellis said pleasantly. "Let's hear your story."

Carla rose to her feet slowly and began to speak in careful English. "This man was born in Italy about 1451. No one knows the date for sure," Carla said. "He is known as a hero of both my countries—Italy and America."

"Christopher Columbus," guessed Ray Heckroth.


"No, it isn't," Carla said. "He was an expert in navigation, and was known as a man who could follow the stars anywhere. In many ways he was like our spacemen today. The astronaut goes to outer space, which is a new world to him. This hero of long ago visited a new land, and was the first to chart it correctly."

"The astronaut of today leaves from Cape Kennedy, Florida. This voyager spent a month in that same harbor in Florida many years ago. But if he wanted to be a spaceman, he was four centuries early."

The class laughed. Miss Ellis was smiling and so was Carla now. Her classmates were shouting, "It has to be Columbus," but Carla just stood there smiling and shaking her head. Finally Miss Ellis held up her hand. "Quiet, please, children. Well, Carla, tell us the name of your double-duty Italian-American hero."

"We honor him every time we say the name of our country," Carla said. "America was named for an Italian explorer, Amerigo Vespucci."

The class cheered and clapped.

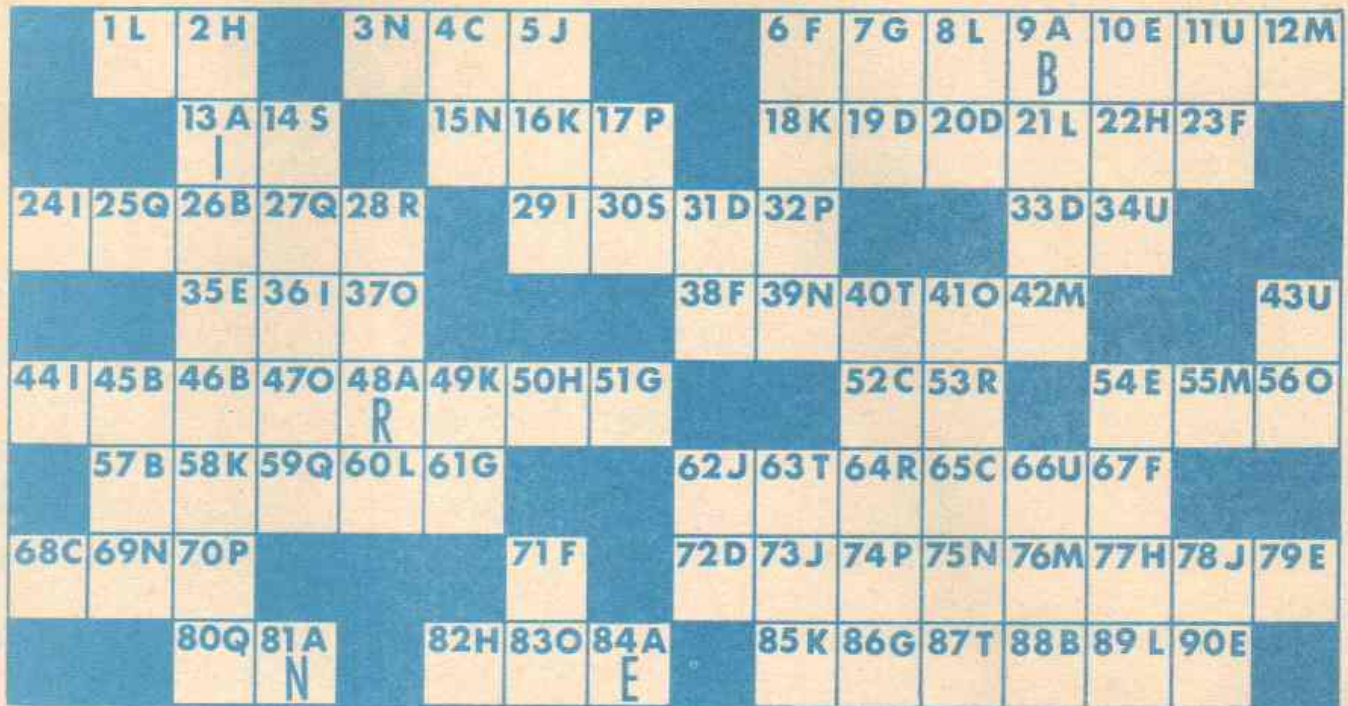
"Carla," Miss Ellis said, "all the reports were good, but yours is the best. The others had to find a hero for one country, but you found a hero for two!" 

Junior Acrostic

By Sandra J. Herzog

Dr. Dolittle may have lost some of his "people" patients. To discover why, find words to fit the definitions, and place

them on the proper numbered lines. Then write the letters in the numbered puzzle blocks. We've done the first one already.



WORDS

DEFINITIONS

WORDS

DEFINITIONS

- A. 9 48 13 81 84
- B. 45 46 26 57 88
- C. 4 65 52 68
- D. 31 72 19 33 20
- E. 90 10 79 35 54
- F. 38 71 6 67 23
- G. 51 86 7 61
- H. 82 77 22 50 2
- I. 44 24 36 29
- J. 62 78 5 73
- K. 85 16 58 49 18

- Salt water.
- A feather pen.
- A continent.
- A tow truck may use this.
- A direction.
- One may have this on a birthday.
- Thin.
- A number.
- Propel oneself in water.
- Write a secret message in this.
- A sound made by a bird.

- L. 8 89 21 1 60
- M. 12 55 42 76
- N. 69 39 75 3 15
- O. 37 83 47 41 56
- P. 70 17 32 74
- Q. 25 80 59 27
- R. 64 53 28
- S. 30 14
- T. 40 63 87
- U. 34 66 43 11

- To wash.
- A covering for the foot.
- Comes between sunset and sunrise.
- To glow with light.
- Boy scouts should do a good one every day.
- Clue.
- A number.
- "The farmer — the dell."
- Every.
- Tidy.

Answers on the AT MY DESK page

IT MAKES



By GRACE STAGGS

I'M GOING TO HELP Mrs. Smith with a dress she is making," Davey's mother said. "Can you get along by yourself for a while?"

Davey nodded.

"Don't spill your milk."

Davey nodded again, and watched his mother hurry out the back door. Grown-ups were always telling you what not to do, and blaming you for anything that happened, even if it wasn't your fault. He finished his milk, rinsed the glass, and put it in the sink.

His pumpkin stood on the drain-board, ready to be made into a jack-o'-lantern. He got a small knife from the drawer. The place to start, he guessed, was the mouth. He made a straight cut to begin the first tooth.

A squall came from inside the pumpkin, so suddenly that Davey almost knocked it to the floor.

Quickly he cut around the stem to form a cap, and lifted the top off.

Out climbed a little man in green. He was about as long as a pencil, with skinny arms and legs. He wore a peaked green cap, and a fierce scowl. "Of all the careless . . . ! What's your name, anyway?"

"Davey."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Davey Crockett. I remember you. You carved your name in the bark of a tree."

Davey stared at the fellow. "I'm not Davey Crockett; I'm Davey Martin."

The little man stood on the kitchen counter, legs braced, arms folded, and stared right back at Davey. "Davey Crockett, Davey Martin, it makes no difference. You're both too careless with a knife." He waved a tassel. "You've cut off my toe!"

Davey examined the bit of green. "That's not your toe; it's the tip of your shoe."

NO DIFFERENCE

"Shoe, toe, it makes no difference. I can't go spooking without it."

"Why were you in there?" Davey asked, wide-eyed.

"There's a goblin in every pumpkin," the little man said crossly. "But we can't get out unless somebody makes it into a jack-o'-lantern."

Davey thought the goblin ought to be glad to be out even if part of his shoe had been cut off, but it didn't seem worthwhile to argue with so small a man.

"Maybe I can sew it on." He ran to his mother's sewing basket and found a threaded needle. The goblin sat on the edge of the counter and watched while Davey sewed the pointed, tasseled toe to the shoe. The goblin put the shoe on, but he didn't

say "Thank you." He climbed to the electric can opener and sat astride it, dangling his feet.

"Well, get on with your work."

Davey brought a blue plastic bowl and scraped the seeds from the pumpkin into it. The goblin watched as he finished the mouth and set about making the eyes. He held up the pumpkin. "I didn't get the eyes exactly the same size."

The goblin waved his pointed hands. "It makes no difference; you can make one eye winking."

That was a good idea; the wink took only a stroke or two to make. Just then the door blew open and Prince, Davey's big, shaggy dog, wandered in.

"Take that tiger out of here!" The shriek came from inside the pumpkin. It was the goblin, peering through an eye.





The little fellow
lay on his back.

"Prince isn't a tiger; he's a dog," Davey said. "He won't hurt you."

"Tiger, dog, it makes no difference. Take him away."

Davey led Prince to the door and shut it carefully behind him. Then the little fellow climbed back to the can opener while Davey finished the nose. It was a very fine jack-o'-lantern indeed.

As Davey put the lid on, his sleeve brushed the goblin.

"What a stupid boy! Now you've knocked me into the garbage." The howl came from the blue bowl, where the little fellow lay on his back.

"That isn't garbage," Davey said. "It's seeds from your pumpkin—the same pumpkin you were living in."

"Seeds, garbage, it makes no difference. I'm all sticky and gooey. I can't spook people tonight."

"I'll fix that," Davey said. He filled two saucepans with warm water and added soap flakes to one. He lifted the goblin by his collar and doused him in the soapy water. The little man yelled and squirmed, but he was sparkling clean when Davey rinsed him in the clear water.

"Now I'm all wet," he fumed.

"It makes no difference," Davey smiled. "My mother has a warm place where she keeps her dish towels." He propped the goblin on the edge of

the sink to drain. Then he took a warm towel and two safety pins, and formed a seat. He hung the wee fellow in the swinging seat where the warm air would dry him. "You'll soon be all right," Davey said. "Anyhow, you don't need to be ready right away; Halloween isn't today; it's tomorrow."

"Today, tomorrow, it makes no difference," the small man said crossly, but he shifted in his seat to dry his other side.


Just then Davey's mother opened the door. Prince pushed by her and came in, too. Davey had only a quick glimpse of a small form swinging from handle to handle down the cupboard drawers, scampering across the floor, and scooting out through the open doorway.

Prince's big tail swiped against the bowl and knocked it to the floor.

"Oh, dear," said Davey's mother, looking at the scattered seeds, "What a mess you've made!"

"I didn't make it; that was Prince."

"You, Prince, it makes —"

For a moment Davey felt cross at being blamed for something he hadn't done. Then he laughed. "It makes no difference," he chorused with his mother, and ran to get the broom. 



He shifted
in the swinging seat.

Be Sure It's Safe

MORE CHILDREN GET HURT on Halloween than almost any other time of the year, according to the National Safety Council. Most of them are injured through falls, burns, or auto accidents.

These injuries happen for three major reasons: Children are excited and having fun, so they become careless. They're going around in the dark. And they may be wearing costumes that trip them up, or masks that interfere with clear vision.

Let's all be smart spooks this year and have **SAFE** fun on Halloween. That way, we'll be able to have fun the next day, too.

ART BY LEE DEGROOT



Here are some things you can do to be sure it's safe:

When you're going trick-or-treating in costume, it's a good idea to ask an adult to go with you. It's friendlier, and much safer, to go trick-or-treating only around your own block—without crossing streets.

Carry—and use—a flashlight.

If your costume isn't white, decorate it with reflecting tape so you can



easily be seen by motorists. Use the tape freely on your treat bag.

If you wear a mask, be sure the eye holes are large enough and placed right for your eyes. You might like to decorate your face with washable paints instead of wearing a mask.

Ask Mother to help you make your costume nonflammable by soaking it in a mixture of one gallon of warm water, nine ounces of borax, and four ounces of boric acid. If you make your own mask, soak the material and let it dry before making the mask.



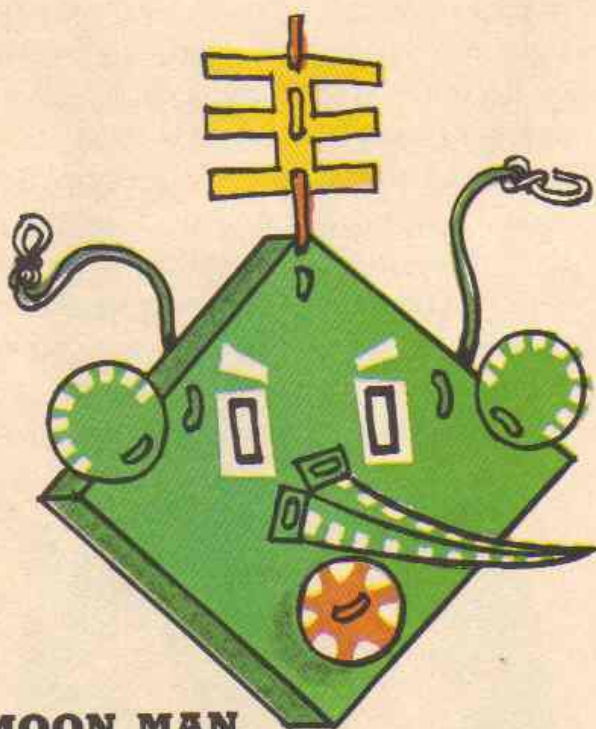
Remember, it's no treat to be hurt. So have a happy Halloween—and a safe one.

The Editors

Weird and Wonderful Masks

By CHAUNCEY MOBBERLY

Nobody else will wear a mask like yours when you make your own. It will cost almost nothing, too, for these use only cardboard and paper, poster paints, pipe cleaners, and yarn—but every one is a marvelous mask! Be sure the eyeholes are spaced right for your eyes. Add yarn ties at the sides; you can tie these, or make them exactly the right length and use hooks made from pipe cleaners. Before you make a mask, be sure to read "Be Sure It's Safe," page 17. And don't wear any mask—even a flameproof one—near a burning fire or lighted candle.



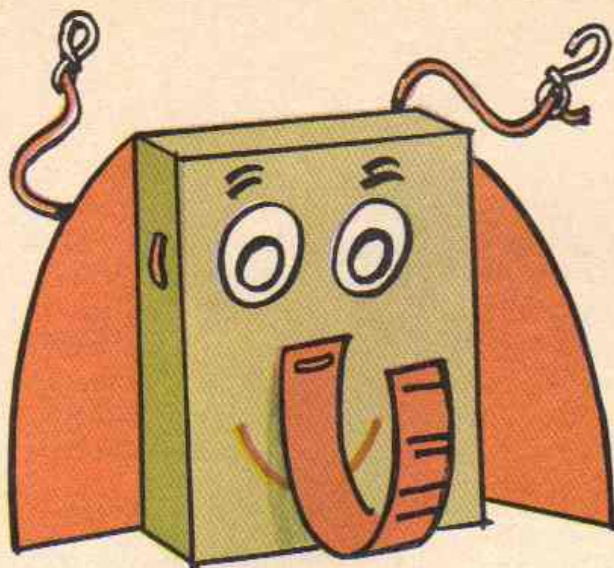
MOON MAN

An inquisitive looking spaceman with his own TV antenna is made from a square box lid. Cut the antenna from cardboard and fasten on with a length of pipe cleaner. Ears and mouth are three circles of cardboard, all the same size. Set mouth on with an extended bit of pipe cleaner. Cut a long, pointy nose and set it on with a sideways slant. Add ties, eyeholes, and paint.



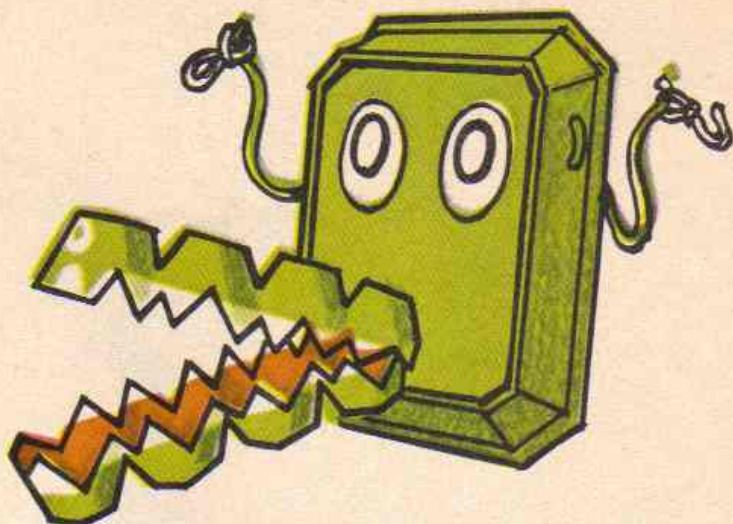
STARFISH

Two paper plates cut in half, plus one more half, make this interesting mask. Shape halves and fasten them with pipe cleaners to form starfish. Cut an egg holder and its adjoining divider section from a carton for the mouth and nose. Cut eyeholes, add ties, and paint with bright colors.



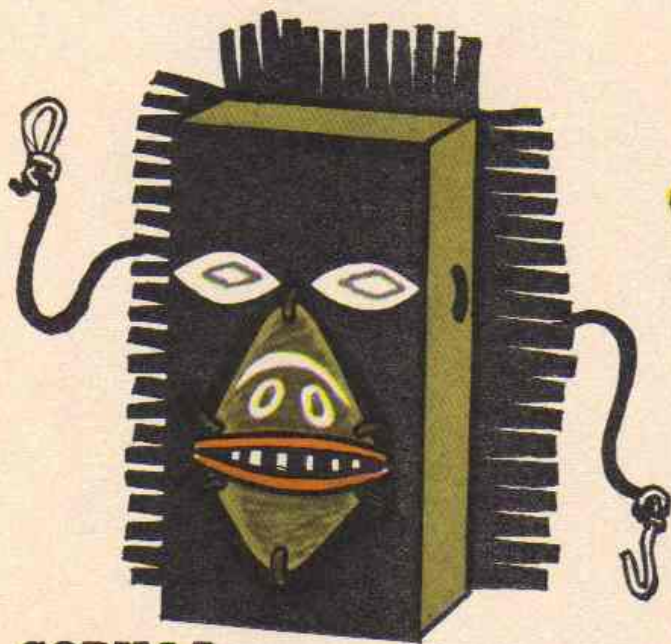
ELEPHANT

This amusing mask is made from a cereal box. Cut off and discard the opened end. Split back of box at center, and cut free from the remaining end. Round off the halves and fold out to form ears. The nose is a strip from a round oatmeal box, fastened in place with pipe cleaner. Cut eyeholes, add ties, and paint as you wish.



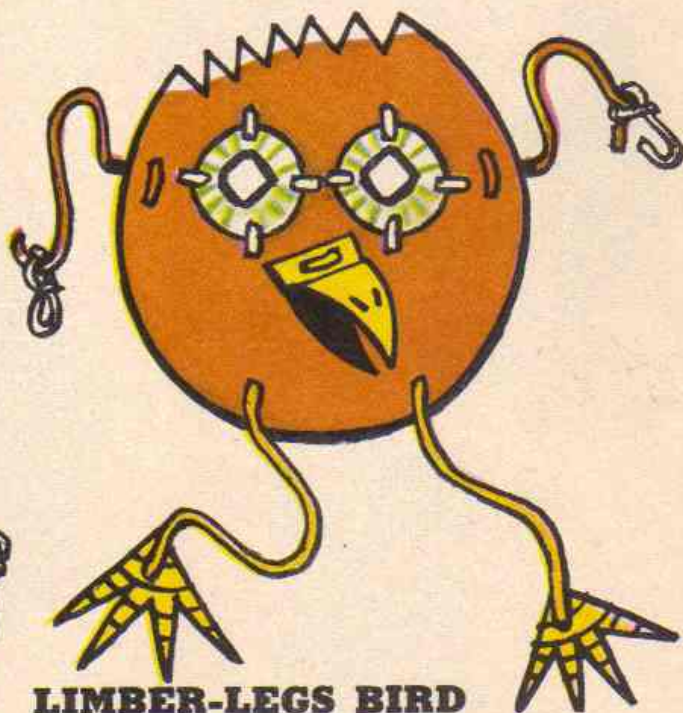
CROCODILE

This fearsome mask is made from the lid of an egg carton plus two rows of egg holders. Cut notches along the holder sections for sharp teeth, fit the two rows together to make an open mouth, and fasten in place with pipe cleaners. Add eyeholes, ties, and paint.



GORILLA

A shoebox and two paper cups form this scary mask. Cut one end from the box, and make slits all around the remaining edges to form hair. Shape nose and mouth sections from paper cups, with nose section a bit larger, and fasten in place with pipe cleaners. Add ties, eyeholes, and paint.



LIMBER-LEGS BIRD

When you wear this funny mask, the "feet" keep moving as if the bird is dancing. Use a paper plate for the main part, and the sides of two egg holder sections for the eyes. Cut eyeholes. Cut two pie-shaped pieces from another plate for the beak, and fasten beak and bulging eyes in place with pipe cleaners. Cut large feet from the second plate and hang from long yarn "legs." Add ties and paint.

BLACK CAT

By HILDA ROCKETT



Draw these shapes a bit larger than shown, on heavy paper. Use as patterns to make an amusing cat of cloth or felt. Cut out the pieces (with pinking shears if you have them), sew buttons at places marked "X," and cut slits where straight lines indicate. Then button the pieces in place. We used black felt, white buttons, and a red bow. This toy is fun; it also gives good practice for your little brothers and sisters who are just learning to manage their own buttons.

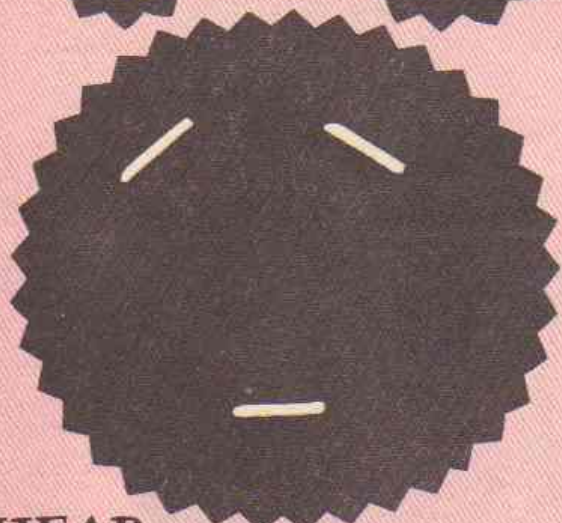
ART BY FRED ORFE



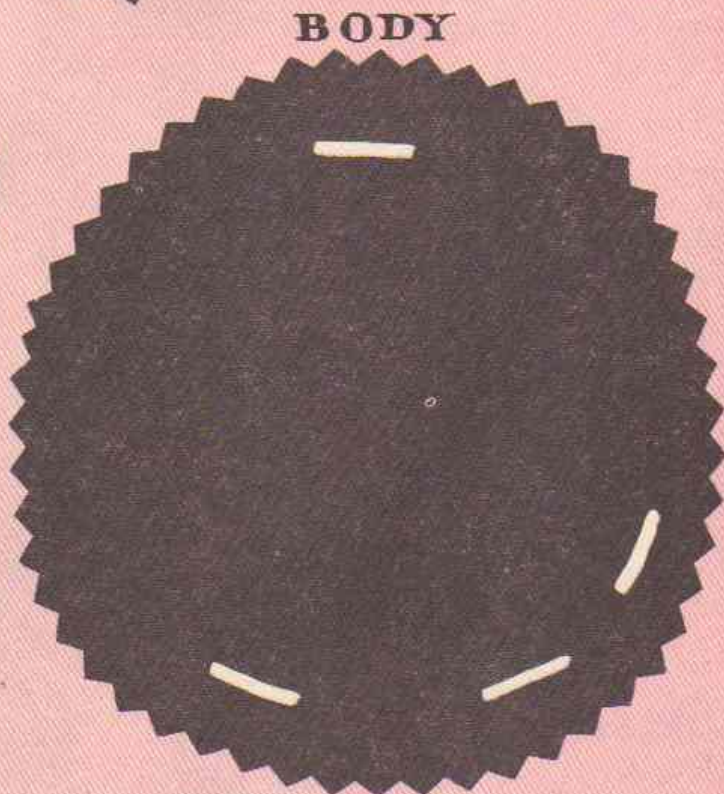
EARS



TAIL



HEAD



BODY



NECK



BOW



PAWS

HOOTER and HOWLER

By

Dot Womack and Genie Gluckert

You can make these spooky-sounding noisemakers in very little time—and at no cost. All you need is paper and a bit of tape.

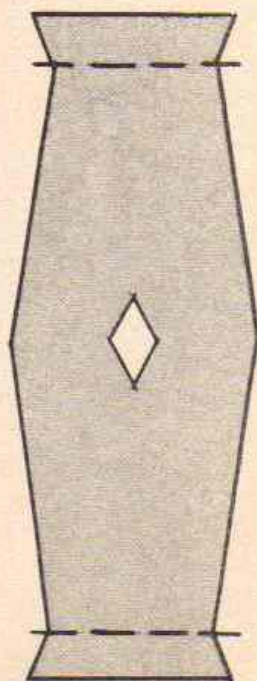
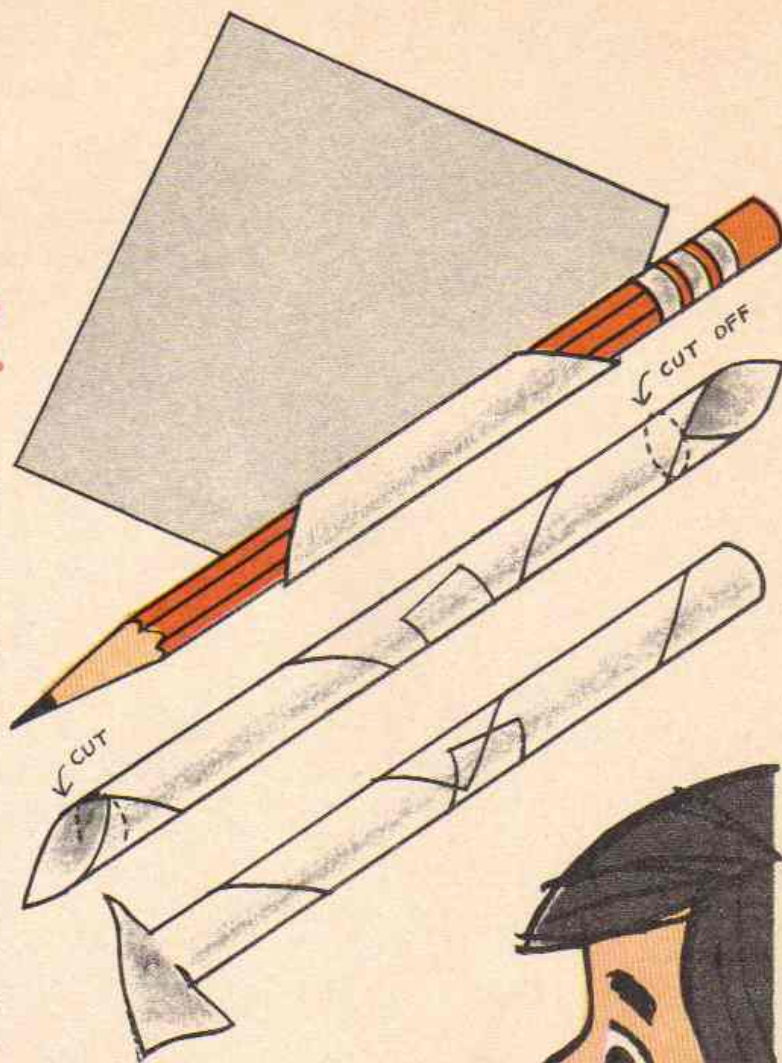
HOOTER

Start at one corner and roll a 5" square of paper around a pencil; fasten with tape. Slide pencil out. Cut off one end of the roll evenly. Cut into each side of the other end as shown in sketch, but leave it attached. Fold this arrowhead-shaped piece flat against the end of roll. Place the other end to your lips and suck in. You'll be surprised!

ART BY EARL HANDY

HOWLER

Cut a strip of paper about 5"x2"; narrow the ends as shown. Cut a small diamond-shaped hole at center. Fold over about a half inch on each end. Hold folded ends against your lips and blow. You can vary the tone by changing the size of center opening.





APPLE HAPPY

By Johanna Bilbo

There are several thousand varieties of apples. Generally the sweeter ones are best for eating uncooked. Red Delicious, Golden Delicious, and Grimes Golden are well-known eating apples. Cooking apples, such as York Imperial, Twenty Ounce, Rhode Island Greening, Newton Pippin, and Rome Beauty, are often slightly tart. Some varieties, such as Yellow Transparent, Gravenstein, Starr, Wealthy, McIntosh, Jonathan, Northern Spy, Stayman, Baldwin, and Winesap, are good both raw and cooked.

ART BY URSULA KOERING

Baked Apples

Preheat oven to 375°. Wash and core 1 apple for each serving. Peel each apple halfway down and arrange in baking dish. Fill cavity of each apple with approximately 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 tablespoon white or brown sugar, a dash of cinnamon, and a pat of butter. Top with a few more raisins. Pour water around the apples ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup per apple) and bake, basting occasionally with pan juices, for 45 minutes or until tender when pierced with fork. Serve with cream if you like. Good hot or cold.



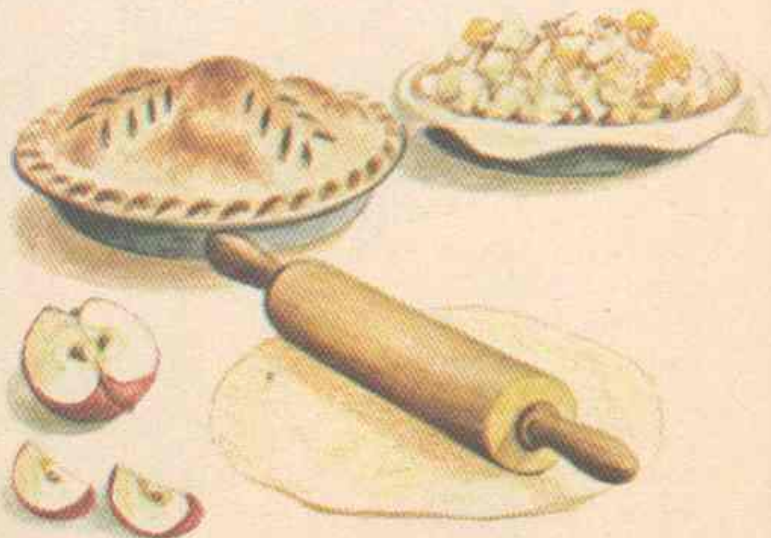
Apple-Graham Goodness

Crush $\frac{1}{3}$ of a 1 lb. package of honey-flavored graham crackers into fine crumbs (makes about $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups), and blend in $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, and salt. Preheat oven to 350°. Cream together $\frac{1}{4}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ stick) butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks and 1 cup seedless raisins to butter mixture. Add crumb mixture and 1 cup applesauce alternately to butter mixture and mix thoroughly. Pour into a greased 8" x 8" x 2" cake pan and bake for 50 minutes.



Apple Pie

Following package directions, use a piecrust mix to prepare pastry for a 9-inch, 2-crust pie. Preheat oven to 425°. Peel, core, and slice 8 cooking apples. Add to the apples 1 cup of brown or white sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, and salt; and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Line a 9-inch pie plate with half the pastry. Fill it with apples and dot with butter. Cover with top crust, press edges together to seal, and cut slits so steam can escape. Bake for 40 minutes or until crust is nicely browned.



Apple Brown Betty

Preheat oven to 350°. Break 4 slices bread into small cubes. Mix together $\frac{3}{4}$ cup firmly packed brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg. Add bread cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Butter a baking dish. Peel, core, and slice 4 large cooking apples. Cover the bottom of the baking dish with $\frac{1}{3}$ of the crumb mixture. Add half the apples, another third of the crumbs, the rest of the apples, and then the last of the crumbs. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water over the top and bake for 45 minutes.



Caramel Apples

Wash and dry 4 or 5 medium-sized eating apples. Melt 1 bag (14 oz. to 1 lb.) of caramels with 2 tablespoons of water in the top of a double boiler over low heat, stirring occasionally until sauce is smooth. Insert a wooden skewer into stem end of each apple. Dip apple into hot sauce and turn until apple is coated. Scrape excess sauce from bottom of apple and dip, if you like, in chopped nuts or coconut. Stand apples on greased wax paper and chill until firm.



Waldorf Salad

Soak 1 cup seedless raisins in hot water for 5 minutes. Let cool. Wash, core, and dice 4 unpeeled red eating apples. Sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent darkening. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup broken walnut meats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, and the raisins. Toss with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, chill, and serve on lettuce leaves.



Apple Pandowdy

Preheat oven to 350°. Put 3 cups peeled, sliced cooking apples in a buttered $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart baking dish. Cover apples with a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg. Bake until apples are soft (about 30 minutes). Meanwhile make batter from half a package white cake mix, according to directions. Pour it over apples and continue baking until top is crusty brown (about 25 minutes). Serve warm with cream or whipped topping.

Apple Jack-O'-Lanterns

Apples, both red and yellow, make colorful miniature jack-o'-lanterns. Cut a slit for the mouth and sprinkle with lemon juice to keep the flesh from darkening. Insert pointed ends of candy corn into the slit for teeth. Use toothpicks to attach raisins for eyes and a miniature marshmallow for the nose.



Apple Shake

In a blender or mixing bowl, whip together 1 pint slightly soft vanilla ice cream, 1 quart chilled apple juice, 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Makes 2 quarts.



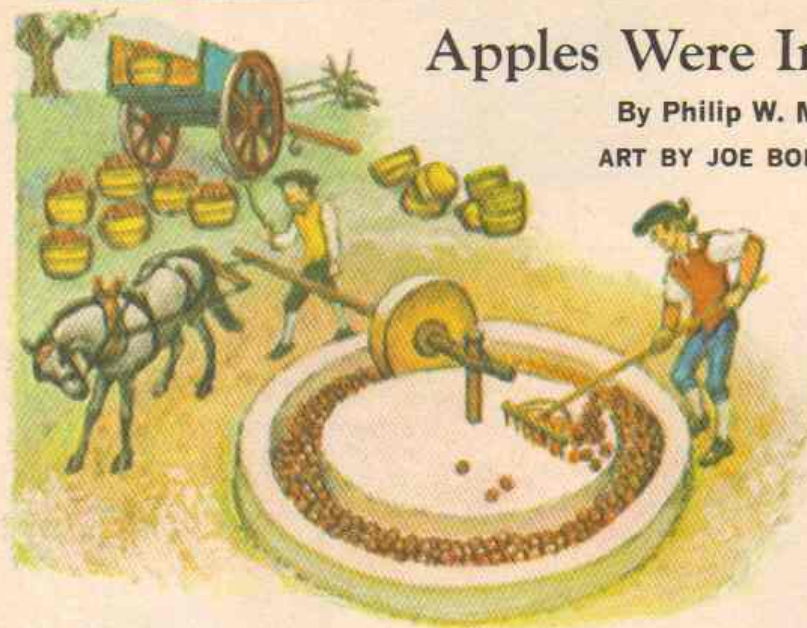
Old-Time America



Apples Were Important

By Philip W. May

ART BY JOE BOLDEN



IN THE AMERICA of 125 years ago, October was apple month. Ripe apples were used for apple butter and dried apples, and the most popular drink of the day—cider.

Making cider was a long process. Apples were crushed by a heavy millstone.

Then the crushed mixture, called pomace, was placed in a press, with alternate layers of straw. A giant screw pressed the juice into barrels. Present-day cider is pasteurized, but the old-timers had to drink theirs quickly before it fermented.

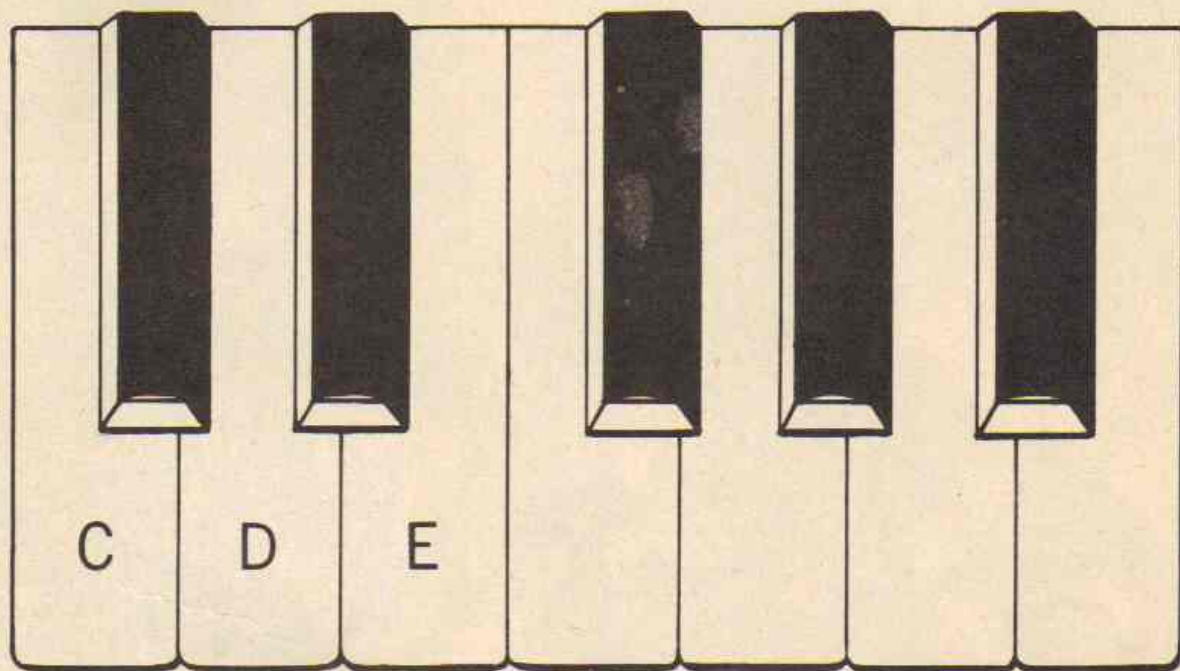
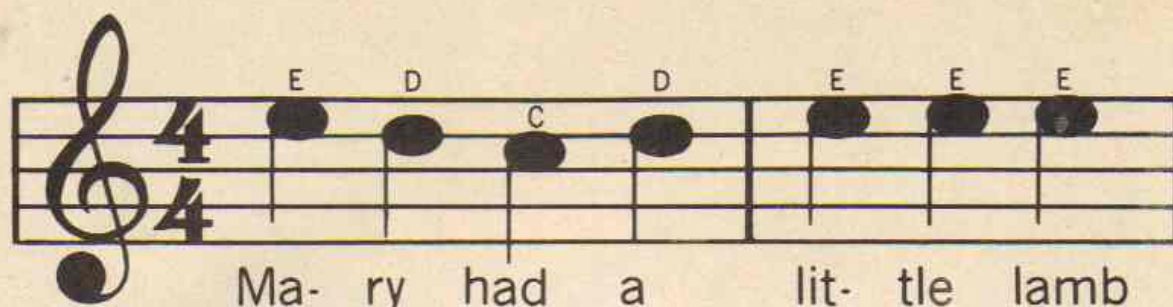
Apple butter was made in big copper pots over open fires. Along with pared, cored apples went sugar, spices, and a few cups of cider. Stirred with a long-handled wooden paddle, this mixture was cooked for hours. Then the apple butter was stored in large stoneware crocks.

Apples were dried on wooden stretchers hung from the kitchen ceiling. Dried apples added appeal to winter meals when no fresh fruit was available.



Many good things to eat were made from apples—applesauce cake, brown Betty, apple pandowdy—delicious foods that present-day Americans still enjoy.





Let's play the piano

(a game you can play right on this page)

The lines and dots at the top make up the music to our song: "Mary Had A Little Lamb." The black dots with tails are musical notes. See the letters? Press the same letters on our piano keyboard underneath the music. If it were a real piano, it would play the song. But we can pretend. Just hum, whistle, or sing the song as you press the keys. Maybe Mom can call out the letters as you "play" them. It's just as easy.

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PHOTOS BY KARL SCHUMACHER AND ABC-TV

My Father Is Sportscaster **CHRIS SCHENKEL**

By Ted Schenkel, 10, as told to Johanna Bilbo

OUR FAMILY loves sports, and we plan to see the Olympic Games on television. Dad won't be home to watch them with Mom, Tina, Johnny, and me, but we'll know what he has

to say about the Olympics in Mexico. You will, too.

That's because my father, Chris Schenkel, is a sportscaster for the American Broadcasting Company. He

is going to Mexico City this month to do a lot of the reporting of these important games.

The Olympic Games are October 12-27. Dad will miss the games on Saturdays, because he will be reporting football games for the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

All sorts of sports are represented in the Olympics, and Dad has had experience reporting many of them. In Mexico City, he will cover boxing, basketball, equestrian events, and some of the gymnastic competition. He might report also on the sailing, swimming, and distance racing.

Mexico City is about a mile and a half above sea level, and it will be interesting to see what effect the high altitude may have on the athletes' performances.

Dad started early to be a sportscaster. When he was 15, a basketball tournament in his hometown of Bippus, Indiana, was sold out, and lots of people couldn't get tickets. Dad had a telephone line run into the gymnasium and connected to amplifiers in the local bank, barbershop, and drugstore. Then he described the tournament over the phone.

Bippus has posted a sign that says, "Welcome to Bippus, home of Chris Schenkel, national sportscaster." We love to visit Bippus, and Dad has two farms there.

Dad earned his degree in radio broadcasting at Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana. He served in the army during World War II. Later he announced sports events in the Midwest, and then worked at radio stations in New England.

Among the exciting events that Dad has broadcast are the three horse races that make up the "Triple Crown"—the Kentucky Derby, the



This is Dad's desk at home. He takes time out to read to Johnny and me.

Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes. He has reported major golf tournaments, and heavyweight title fights in boxing.

Dad has also done hundreds of telecasts of the National Basketball Association games, the Professional Bowlers Tour, and Major League baseball, and for 13 years he was the commentator for New York Giants' football games. He's been on ABC's "Wide World of Sports" lots of times.



Tina and I play a duet on the organ that our dad plays for relaxation.



From right: Dad, Mom (with our Hobby Family award), Tina, Johnny, Fritz, me.



This is my uniform for the Knickerbocker Grays, a regimental drill group.



Our balcony looks out over the Mayor's house, Gracie Mansion.

He began working for ABC in 1952 when he was asked to cover the Monday-night boxing one night for Ted Husing, who was sick. Mr. Husing then retired because of poor health, and Dad broadcast the fights for ABC for six years. When I was born, Dad named me for his old friend.

Dad has worked on the winter Olympic Games twice—in Squaw Valley, California, in 1960, and this year's games in Grenoble, France—but this is his first summer Olympics.

I think the history of the Olympic Games is interesting. The ancient Greeks often had contests of strength and skill to honor dead heroes. By 776 B.C. the contests had become important occasions held every four years in Olympia. They went on, in spite of wars and disputes among the Greek states, for over a thousand years, until about A.D. 392.

The first modern Olympic Games were held in 1896, in Athens, Greece. They've been held every four years since except for the war years of 1916, 1940, and 1944.

Women competed in the games during the twentieth century. They weren't even allowed to watch the ancient games. The winter Olympics, with their events on skis, skates, and sleds, began in 1924.

Among the summer events are the track competitions (racing, jumping, and throwing), boxing, fencing, wrestling, gymnastics, shooting, cycling, and water events (swimming, diving, and boating).

The winning person or team in each event earns a gold medal. Second and third prizes are silver and bronze medals. There is no official recognition of the number of prizes won by the different nations, but the press keeps close count.



Dad talks to figure skater Peggy Fleming, who won a gold medal at the winter Olympics in France. This month in Mexico, Dad reports on the summer Olympics.

Most of the Olympic events will be broadcast in color this year, and much of it will be live. That's the kind of broadcasting Dad likes best. It's more exciting to describe a race or game which the viewer watches while it is actually happening than it is to report an event which will be shown from tapes after the audience already knows the score.

Because he covers so many different kinds of sports, Dad has been to just about every part of this country. He has to be away from home more than we like, but there are ways we make up for that. Often we can watch him on TV while he works.

He also does a lot of his work at home. He has a secretary at the ABC offices in midtown Manhattan, but he does most of his paper work at a desk at one end of our living room. We live in a high-rise apartment building in uptown Manhattan, and his desk faces a window which overlooks the East River.

All the awards Dad has won fill several shelves. He was named "Sportscaster of the Year" in 1963, 1964, and 1967 by the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Association. He received an Emmy nomination in 1967 for "Portrait of a Team," a special on the Baltimore

Colts, and another nomination for his commentary on the 1966-67 NBA basketball season.

We know his home state is proud of him, because Dad was named "Hoosier of the Year" in 1967 by the Sons of Indiana in New York—a very active organization. He also has an award from the Rhode Island Broadcasters Association.

Mother met Dad at a football party for the New York Giants. They were married a month later. Our living room is decorated in blue to match her eyes.

Mom says she has a short memory, so she writes down things that happen when Dad is away—especially funny things—so that he can read about them when he comes home. And with our family, there's plenty to write. Once Mom was taking an armload of clean socks into the room I share with my brother Johnny, who's four. She forgot to duck, and walked right into my chinning bar! Now the bar comes down after I'm through using it.

We're a family that puts up signs. Whenever one of us has a birthday, he finds "Happy Birthday" posted on his bedroom door. When Dad wins an award, we make a congratulation sign. Tina, who's twelve, got one last spring saying "Welcome Winners," when her group, *Los Gauchos*, won first place in a contest at Town Hall. Tina and four other girls play Latin music. She plays a guitar for *Los Gauchos*, and she also likes to play our organ.

Dad plays the organ, too, when he's home; it helps him relax. He had a really neat attachment put on it recently; you can make it sound like tom-toms, snare drums, cymbals, brushes, and wood blocks.

Tina, who wants to be a fashion designer, draws clothes, and she sews, knits, and crochets. Last year she made a Dutch costume for a play. She's in the eighth grade and I'm in the fifth grade. We both go to school at St. Ignatius Loyola here in the city. Johnny goes to nursery school this year.

I might decide to be a baseball player or an archaeologist when I grow up, or maybe a sports announcer like Dad. Sometimes he takes me to games he's covering. I like sports, especially baseball, basketball, golf, and hockey. The first thing I do in the morning is to bring in the paper and read the sports section to see how my favorite teams are doing.



































One day I came home from a hockey game with my eyelid cut and my face bruised, and my mother was terribly worried. I just said, "But Mom, we won!"

I have baseballs autographed by the Detroit Tigers, Baltimore Orioles, Pittsburgh Pirates, and the St. Louis Cardinals. I also have a hockey puck from a Boston Bruins game. Johnny and Tina and I were given bowling balls when we were born by friends of Dad who work for bowling ball manufacturers, and every one of us owns a set of golf clubs.

Corn, soybeans, and Hereford cattle are raised on our farms in Bippus. One of Johnny's favorite places to be is in a haymow there. Dad leases another farm in Texas with some friends, and raises registered Herefords there, too. His champion bull is named "Sportscaster."

I think Dad is a champion sportscaster. I am glad that he is one of ABC's announcers for the Olympic Games, because that is a contest of champions. 🐾

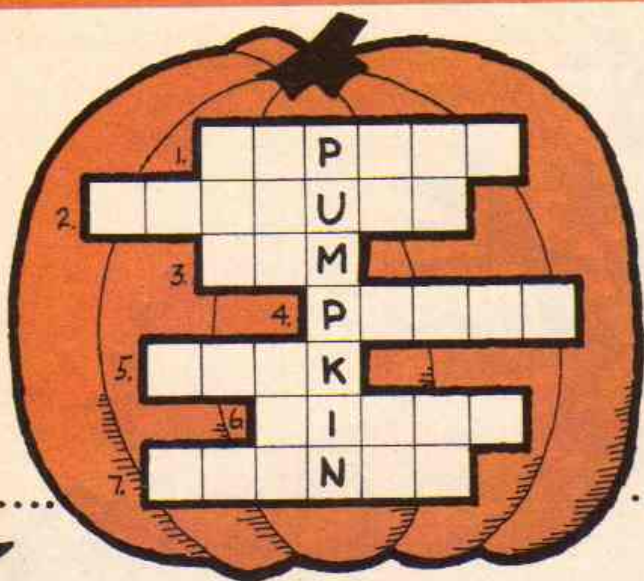
OCTOBER 1968

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
HATS OFF TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, "ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA."		WEST INDIANS EAT LOTS OF SEAFOOD.... ALSO MANGOES, PAPAYAS, AVOCADOES, AND BANANAS.			SUGARCANE IS A MAJOR CARIBBEAN CROP.	
		1 	2 	3 	4 	5 
STEEL BANDS AND CALYPSO MUSIC CAME FROM TRINIDAD.		TRADE WINDS COOL THE ISLANDS. HURRICANES DO A LOT OF DAMAGE.			DISCOVERY DAY. AT FIRST C.C. THOUGHT HE HAD REACHED ASIA.	
6 	7 	8 	9 	10 	11 	12 
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MADE FOUR TRIPS TO THE CARIBBEAN.		HIS SON DIEGO COLONIZED JAMAICA; AND HIS BROTHER BARTHOLOME FOUND SANTO DOMINGO				
13 	14 	15 	16 	17 	18 	19 
PIRATE LAIRS HAVE BEEN REPLACED BY SPACE-TRACKING STATIONS.		UNITED NATIONS DAY.		THE CARIBBEAN IS A MELTING POT.		
20 	21 	22 	23 	24 	25 	26 
OUR NOVEMBER CALENDAR COMES HOME FOR ELECTIONS.		PHOSPHORESCENT BAY IN PUERTO RICO GLOWS AT NIGHT.		TONIGHT IS HALLOWEEN.		"COLUMBUS DREAMED OF AN UNKNOWN SHORE." (C.E. GUEST?)
27 	28 	29 	30 	31 		

B. Warner



Perky Puppet®



Pumpkin Puzzle

Pumpkin is for Halloween. So are the words that belong in this puzzle. Use the definitions given to fill the blanks with words about Halloween.

1. Bob for these.
2. An unusual outfit.
3. A chewy treat.
4. Fun, food, and games.
5. Wear this on your face.
6. Rides on a broomstick.
7. A Halloween color.

Mother Goose Arithmetic

1. Take the number of Blackbirds baked in a Pie,
2. Subtract the number of Little Indians listed in a rhyme.
3. Divide by the number of Dwarfs,
4. Multiply by the number of Bears,
5. And the answer will be the number in "Sing a Song of _____ pence."



The Discoverer

To discover the Discoverer, find the words defined. Then place each letter in its correct space according to the numbers. Do you remember what he discovered?

Purple fruit

8 14 18 16

Employer

17 7 5 19

Task

1 2 13 3 10

Mutt

12 15 11

Slap

9 4 6

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19



JACK: I think our school is haunted.

JILL: What gave you that idea?

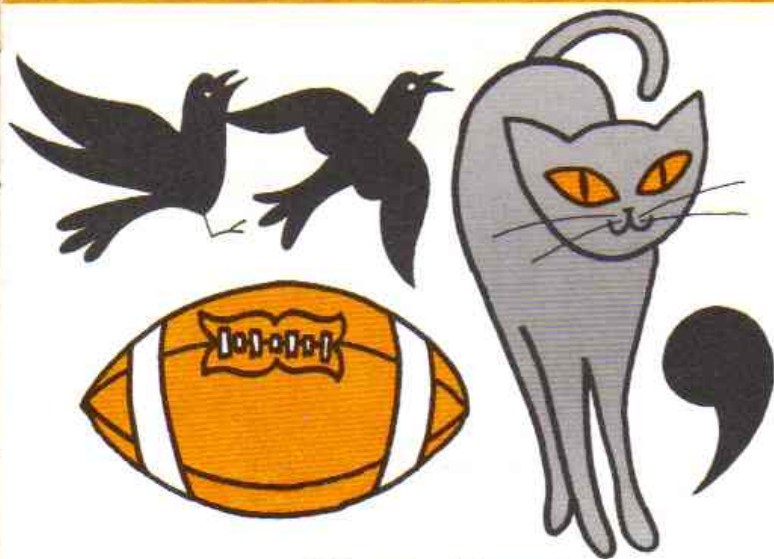
JACK: I always hear people talking about the School Spirit.

NIT: What would you say if you saw a ghost?

WIT: Nothing; I'd just run.

Puzzle Pages

Answers
on the
AT MY DESK
page



Riddles

1. Why is a defeated football team like wool?
2. What is the difference between a cat and a comma?
3. What word is always pronounced wrong?
4. Why do birds fly south?
5. When is a rope like a student?

Word Food

Why is the letter "e" like a calorie? (When you add it to a word, the word gets bigger.) Add "e" to the words defined, and see how they grow.

1. A small rug _____ +e=a partner _____.
2. Indistinct _____ +e=ten cents _____.
3. A grown-up _____ +e=horse's neck hair _____.
4. Time gone by _____ +e=a sticking substance _____.
5. A fastener _____ +e=an evergreen _____.
6. Headgear _____ +e=a sleeveless cloak _____.
7. Metal _____ +e=a prong of a fork _____.
8. One of a pair _____ +e=a kind of cord _____.
9. Stop _____ +e=very _____.
10. A friend _____ +e=light-colored _____.



ART BY AUDREY WALTERS



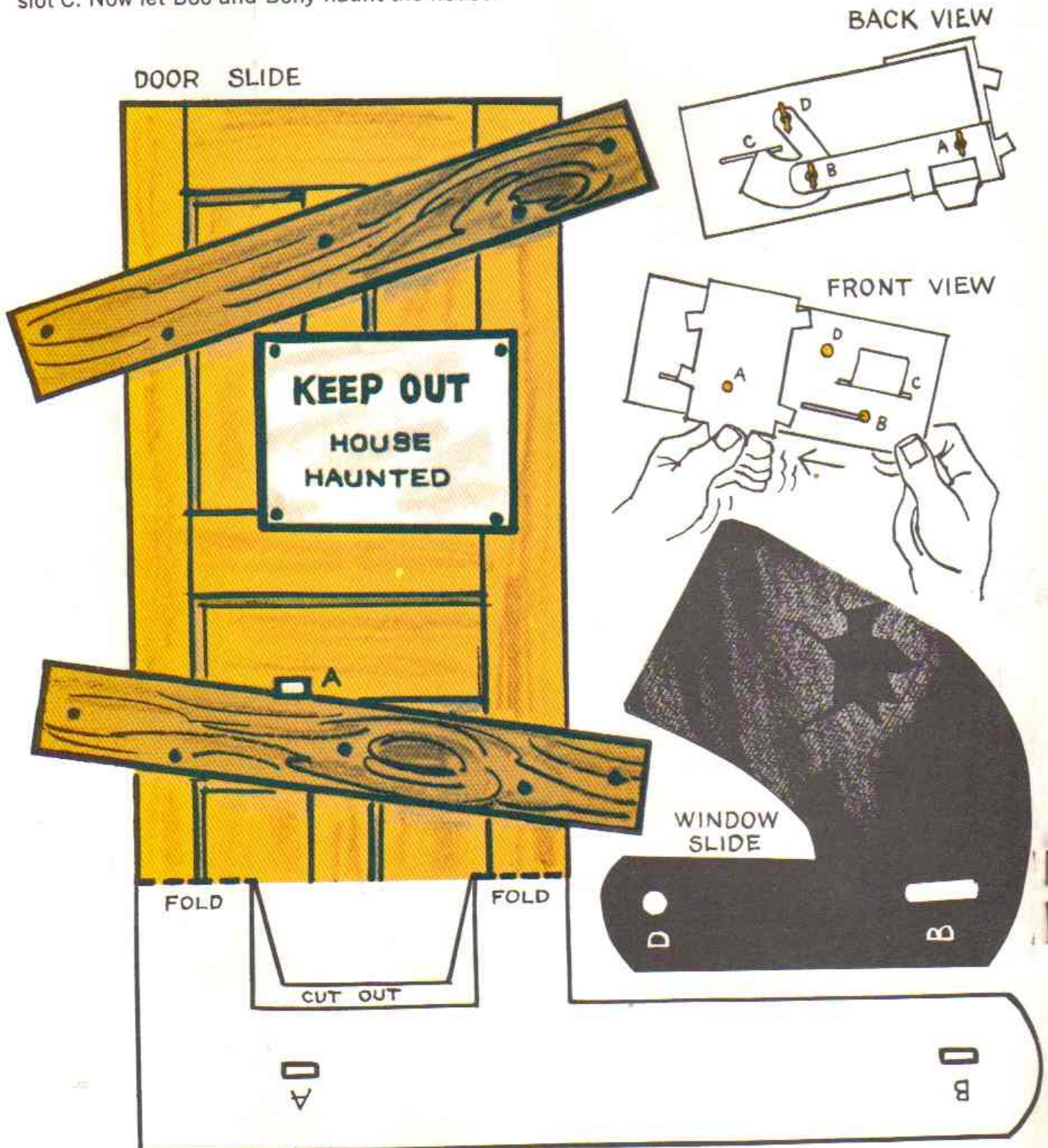
Ghostly Visitors

To make scary decorations for your Halloween party, buy long, white gas-filled balloons. Place the end of a balloon in the center of a large square of white tissue paper or light-weight white cloth. Fold it over the balloon and twist a rubber band about one third of the way down to form a head and secure the cloth. Paste on large black paper eyes. Tie the end strings of the balloons to chairs, the table, etc.

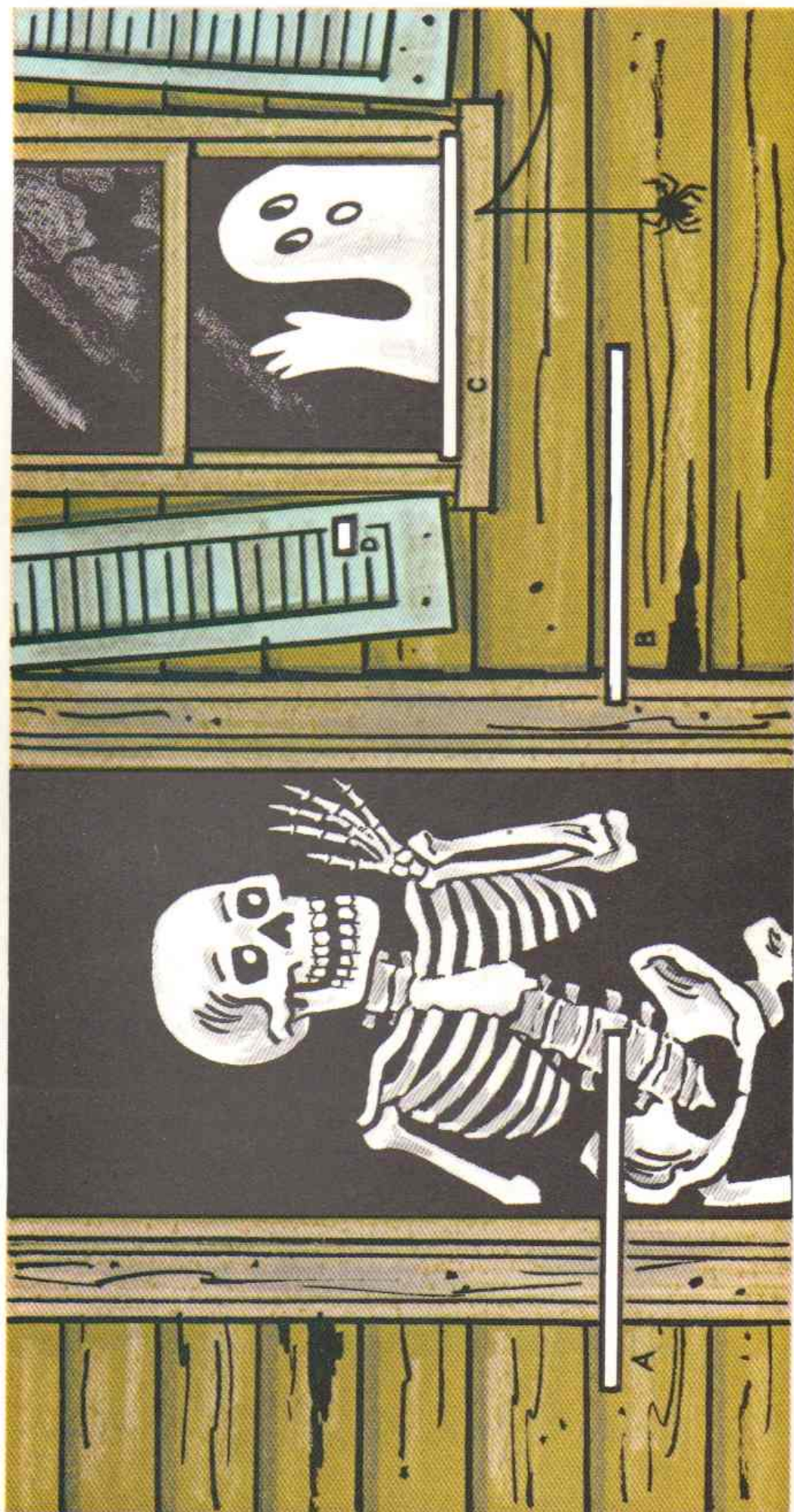
HOUSE HAUNTED!

By EARL HANDY

Glue pages on cardboard and let dry. Cut out pieces, including slots. Fold door slide (on dotted lines) around action bar and insert paper fastener through the slots marked A. Position window slide on back of the action bar and insert fasteners through slots B and D. Insert tip of window slide into slot C. Now let Boo and Bony haunt the house!



ACTION BAR



RABBITVILLE GAZETTE

FINAL

SPOOF ON SPOOK'S EDITION

WEATHER: CREAKY AND SHRIEKY

OCTOBER HORRORSCOPE



HALLOW-E-E-E-E-K



Ghosties sliding,
gliding by.
Witches slithering
through the sky.
What was that—?
Have you seen
Spooky things on
HALLOWEEN?

BY ANNON E. MOUSE

BOOK LIST

Librarian PERUSA PAGE'S
recommended reading for dark
and chilly nights when all the
lights are out except the pumpkin:



★ MOTHER GHOST STORIES

★ WINNIE-THE-SPOOK

★ JACK-O'-LANTERN
AND JILL



And for those who can't read, Miss Page
suggests: **WORSE VERSE** by I. Will Hauntyou



ANNOUNCEMENT

The LADIES' HYSTERICAL SOCIETY announced that they
will hold their first annual BARN DANCE ON HALLOWEEN.
Only genuine barns are eligible. Size does not count,
the ladies said, because after all there are plenty
of people who have seen a big barn dance and they
should be allowed to compete. No hoedowns or
hey-downs are aloud. 50c to get in, \$1.00 to get
out, provided no one locks the barn door after the
horse is stolen.

PROFEATHER BIRDBRAIN'S
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY
Do not spook if you are spoken to.



ROOSTER: "What are you
doing in the cellar?"

HEN: "If it's any of your
business, I'm laying in
a supply of coal."

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LET'S DISCOVER AMERICA



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

WELCOME TO SAGAMORE HILL

"There could be no healthier and pleasanter place in which to bring up children than in that nook of old-time America around Sagamore Hill." So wrote Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the United States, about the house where he lived for over 30 years. His children grew up at Sagamore Hill, and he loved his home there above all other places in the world.

Sagamore Hill is a large, rambling house in Oyster Bay, New York. It stands proudly on a hilltop overlooking the waters of Cold Spring Harbor and Long Island Sound. As a boy, Mr. Roosevelt had spent his summers nearby, and when he grew up, he bought the hill and the land around it. In 1885 he moved into the 22-room Victorian home that was one day to become the "Summer White House."

The house is very much the same today as it was when the Roosevelts lived in it—and live they did! The President was a believer in the "strenuous life," and all of his six children were brought up to enjoy not only their home, but the woods and fields around it, and the shores and waters of the bay. Even when he was President, Mr. Roosevelt always managed to find time to be with his four sons and two daughters. They might go for a ride, a swim, or a romp on the sloping grassy lawns.

One of the family's favorite games was called "point-to-point," and with Mr. Roosevelt there was no nonsense about it; he meant exactly that. Point to point. In a straight line. You had to go from one given spot to another in order to reach your goal, and if a

Can you find Oyster Bay on your map?

stream stood in your way, you swam it; if it was a house, you went through it; a fence, you climbed it. All the children joined their father in this sport with zest and enthusiasm.

Many of the rooms at Sagamore Hill reflect the President's wide range of interests; his trophies from hunting trips to Africa and Brazil, for example, fill the Trophy Room and the North Room. But although Teddy Roosevelt was an avid hunter, he was an equally avid conservationist who foresaw the dangers of wasting our precious natural resources long before many others did. During his second term in office, he pushed hard for laws to protect fields and forests, lakes and streams. He often overrode his own Congress to add millions of acres to national preserves by executive order. His foresight and insistence on conservation have given later generations of Americans a chance to enjoy beautiful stretches of land that might otherwise have been destroyed.

When you go to Sagamore Hill, stand for a moment on the wide piazza on the south side of the house. It is still furnished much as it was when Mr. Roosevelt entertained visiting dignitaries there, and when he heard of his nominations for Governor of New York, for Vice President, and finally for President in 1904. Many historic events took place there, but to Theodore Roosevelt, the piazza, with its lovely view of woods and water, was "for the still, hot afternoons of summer." It was perhaps his favorite spot at Sagamore Hill.



**Don't litter. Leave nothing
but your footprints.**



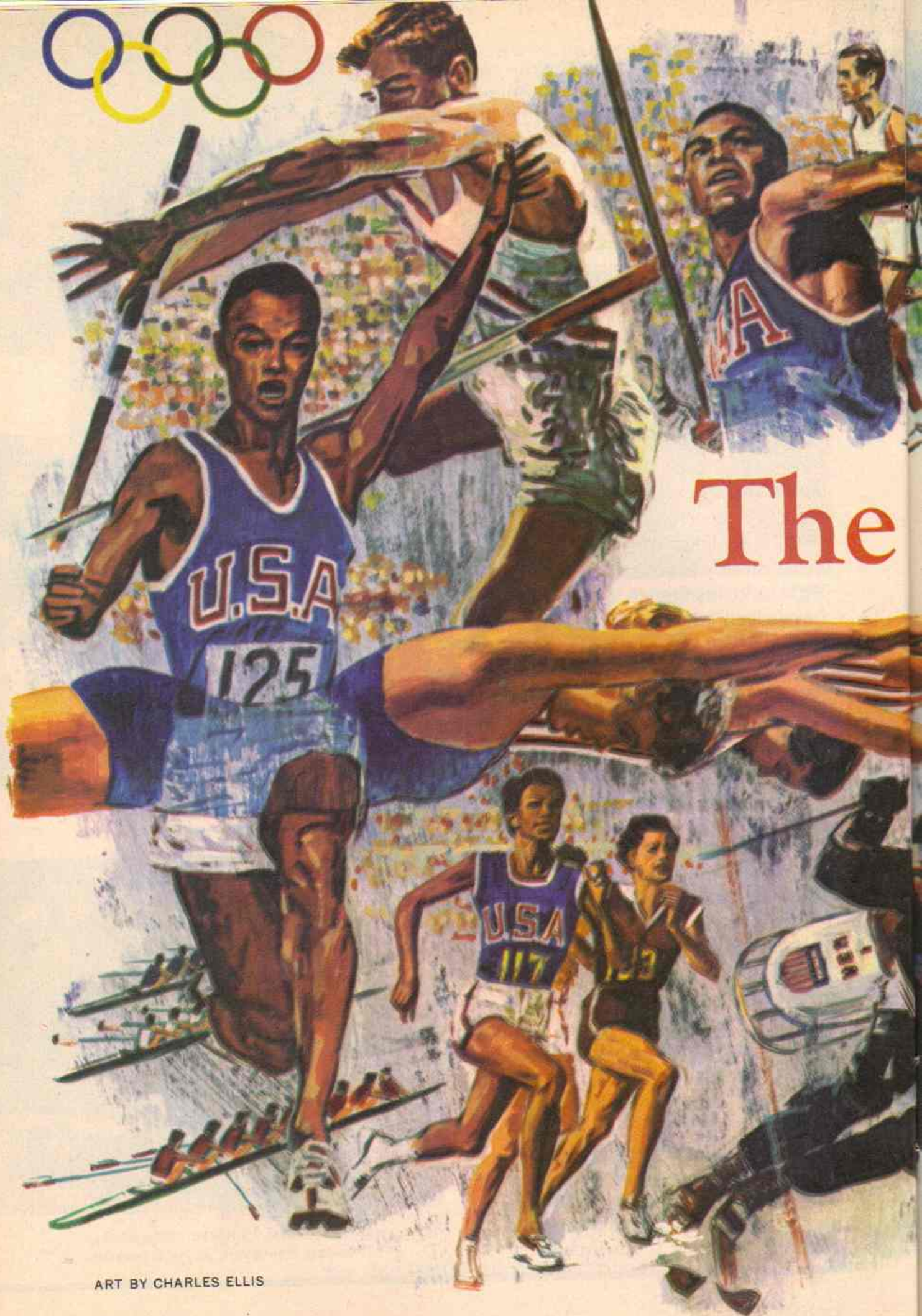
**A vintage car standing in the driveway
at the front entrance of the house.**



**Gold furnishings bring sunlight into
Mrs. Roosevelt's sitting room.**



**"Old Orchard," former home of Gen.
Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is a museum.**

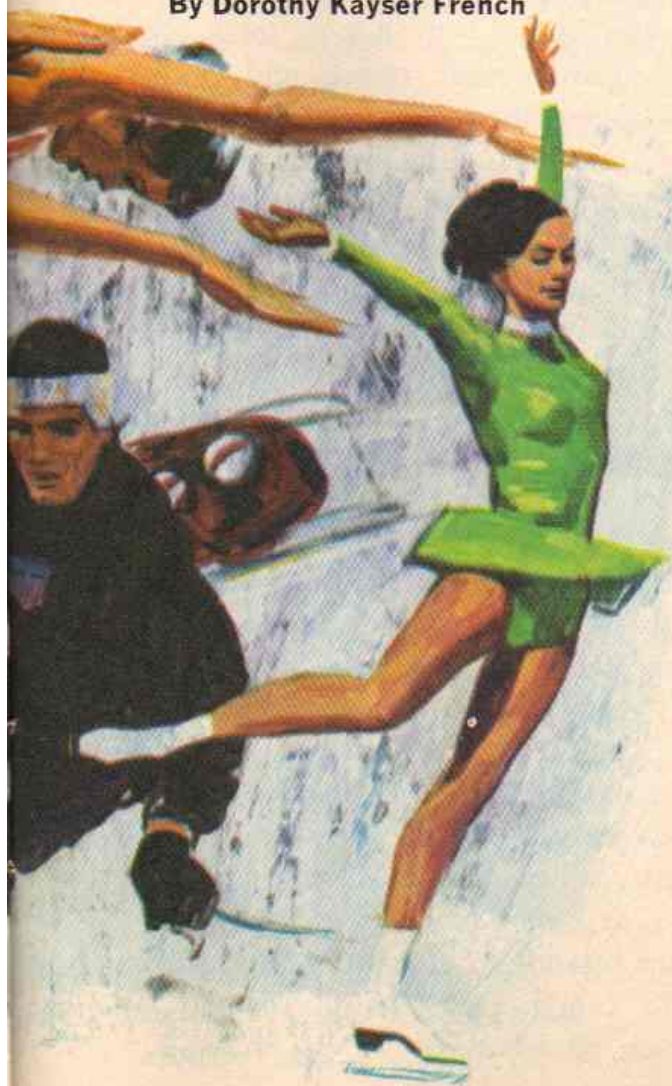


ART BY CHARLES ELLIS



Olympic Games

By Dorothy Kayser French



COROEBUS RAN. Gasps of breath filled his lungs with pain, and his heart hammered. Even though he had trained hard for the race, his muscles hurt as he forced his legs to run faster, faster . . .

Coroebus won the Olympian race. Pride pounded inside him and he felt ten feet tall. A crown woven from twigs and leaves of the wild olive was placed upon his head. A branch of a palm tree was thrust into his hand. Crowds of people honored him.

This race was held in 776 B.C. It took place in a stadium on the plains of Olympia in western Greece.

A written report of Coroebus' victory, passed down from generation to generation, is the first record of Olympic competition. But it was not the first Olympic race; people who study ancient Greece are sure that the contests had been going on for hundreds of years before Coroebus ran.

Legends were told to explain the origin of the games. One story tells of the struggle when Cronus and his son Zeus, strongest of the gods worshipped by the early Greeks, wrestled to see which one would rule the earth. Zeus won. To celebrate his victory, the Olympian games and celebrations were started.

Now, many years later, people who love sports are looking forward to this year's Olympic games, to be held in Mexico City from October 12 to 27. The best amateur athletes in the world will compete.

The modern Olympic games are held every four years. This four-year pattern was begun in the time of Coroebus. In fact, the ancient Greeks measured the passage of time by "Olympiads," or four-year periods. They called the games "Olympian."

From the time of the victory of Coroebus, the next thirteen festivals featured only one athletic event—a 210-yard foot race on a straight course. Other contests were held in poetry, oratory, and music. Religious ceremonies played a big part in every Olympian gathering.

More athletic events were included as the years passed. There were contests in wrestling, boxing, chariot racing, horse racing, running in heavy armor, discus throwing, javelin throwing, jumping, and the pentathlon—a series of five tests of strength. Separate contests were held for boys.

There were no contests for women. In fact, by law any woman who was caught watching the games would be put to death.

The towns of the ancient Greeks were called "city-states." An Olympic winner was honored by his city the rest of his life. Poets wrote about

him; sculptors modeled his statue. People insisted he receive the best of everything.

The Greek city-states began to lose their dominance about 300 B.C. and Rome became a powerful nation. It was then that non-Greeks first took part in Olympian competition.

About A.D. 60 the reputation of the games took a nose dive when a Roman emperor named Nero decided to enter the chariot race, and turned the contest into a joke. Nero was a very poor athlete, but nobody dared to beat the Emperor!

Cheating at the once-noble games became common. Judges accepted bribes. Winners demanded valuable prizes instead of the olive wreath and palm, traditional symbols of victory. People forgot the original purpose of the games—to honor men who had trained their minds and bodies to top performance.

In the year A.D. 394 an emperor named Theodosius I ruled Rome. He had a terrible temper, but he also had a strong sense of right and wrong. Theodosius decreed that because the games had become corrupt, they must no longer be celebrated.

The "time-out" lasted for 1502 years. Olympia was destroyed by armies and earthquakes. The stadiums and sports arenas were buried in sand and silt. The sports contests were forgotten.

During the 1800's the governments of France and Germany financed archaeological "digs," and Olympia was rediscovered. Interest in the ancient games flamed anew in Greece. A Greek man named Zappas used his own fortune to stage Olympic games, but other countries did not pay much attention.

Then a Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, suggested that nations might get along better with each other if their amateur athletes competed as friendly rivals every four years. He worked with an international committee to set up the modern Olympic games. The sports contests were held first in Athens, capital of modern Greece, in 1896. Eight countries took part, including the United States.

From that small start, the Olympic games have grown to become the most exciting sports event in the world. No boy or girl is too young to dream of the glory of winning in the Olympics. To be the best in the world takes years of training.

No country "wins" the Olympics, for the contests are between individual athletes, not between nations. Sports writers count medal winners by countries, but nationality has nothing to do with the true spirit of the Olympics. Every athlete is a winner because he has developed a healthy, trained body!

Many customs of the ancient games are observed in the modern series. On opening day, the athletes take an oath of honesty. They parade through the stadium, with each national group following its own flag. The ancients sacrificed animals to the gods, but now flocks of doves are released from the stadium.

In the ancient temples at Olympia, religious fires were kept constantly burning. The torch that flames from the stadium wall at the Olympic games in Mexico City will be a Greek fire, too. It will be kindled at Olympia from the rays of the sun. Then the torch will be carried by runners from Greece to the site of the games, and hundreds of runners are needed. They travel across water by airplane or ship.

Women have competed since the beginning of the twentieth century. Another change is the Winter Olympics, begun in 1924. Snowy mountains are needed for this competition. Japan will be winter host in 1972. Previous cold weather hosts have been France, Switzerland, United States, Germany, Norway, Italy, and Austria.

Every Olympic festival has surprises. The 1936 summer games were held in Berlin, Germany, at a time when a German dictator, Hitler, was preaching that his own race was the strongest and smartest. Hitler especially hated Jews and Negroes. There was rejoicing around the globe when seven Negroes from the United States won gold medals in track and field. The great athlete Jesse Owens alone won four gold medals, set two Olympic records and tied another, and ran on a relay team which set a record.

The Olympic motto is *swifter, higher, stronger*. As the years pass, athletes are truly swifter; they jump higher; they grow stronger. More young people are competing, and they are better trained. The future promises even more athletes who are *swifter, higher, stronger*.

The whole world is waiting for Olympic news from Mexico City. That city is high in the mountains, and the air is thin. Lack of oxygen may handicap the athletes, but scientists are not sure about how big the handicap truly is. They are waiting to see.

Whether new records are set or not, the three top winners of each event will be presented to the crowd. The flags of their countries will be flown. The air will throb with the national anthem of the gold-medal winner.

And every nation will be proud of its Olympic athletes. 🐾

HIDDEN IN HALLOWEEN

By JACQUELINE RITTER



Words to fit the definitions are hidden in **HALLOWEEN**.
Here's an example: Part of a room—**W A L L**.
Can you find them all?



1. Permit. _ _ _ _ _
2. Not high. _ _ _ _
3. Female sheep. _ _ _ _
4. Passageway. _ _ _ _ _
5. Female chicken. _ _ _ _
6. Unused. _ _ _ _
7. Entire. _ _ _ _ _
8. Jack Sprat's diet. _ _ _ _ _
9. Part of a foot. _ _ _ _ _
10. Unaccompanied. _ _ _ _ _
11. At what time? _ _ _ _ _
12. Marine mammal. _ _ _ _ _
13. Cure. _ _ _ _ _
14. Country road. _ _ _ _ _
15. Word of greeting. _ _ _ _ _
16. At this moment. _ _ _ _
17. Squirmy fish. _ _ _ _
18. Yell or bellow. _ _ _ _ _
19. Grassy yard. _ _ _ _ _
20. Part of a car. _ _ _ _ _

Answers on the
At My Desk page

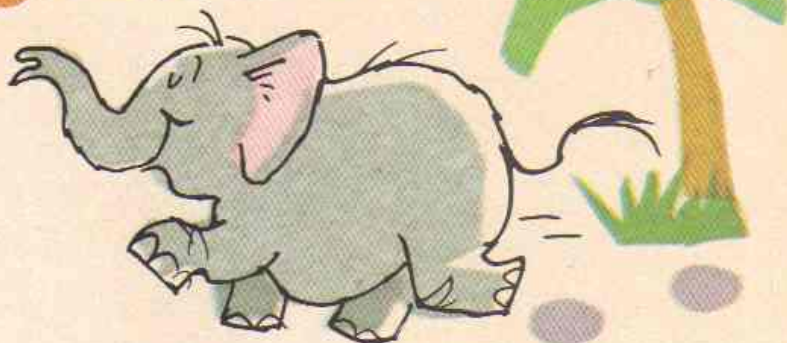


A TAIL OF THE JUNGLE

By Lorna Korpela and Phyllis Olsen

Sunlight sparkled through the trees as the elephant known as Big Foot Hannah clumped down the trail. Her baby, Apple Dumpling, was following close behind her.

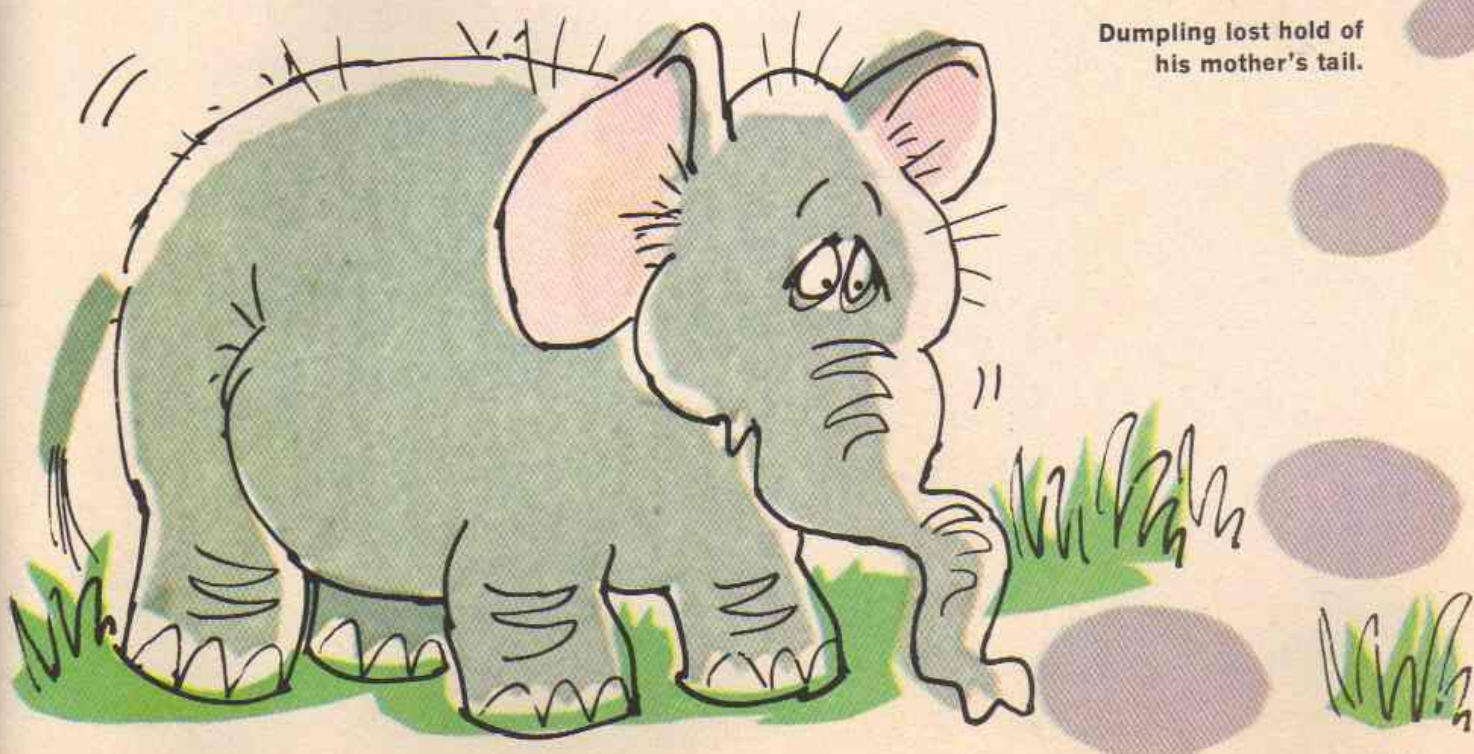
Why was the baby named Apple Dumpling? I really can't say; it's Big Hannah's secret. Apple Dumpling could tell you why Hannah was known as Big Foot, though. Walking behind her, he kept a firm hold on her tail, and tried not to trip in her big footprints.



Then it happened! Apple Dumpling stumbled and lost his hold on his mother's tail. Big Foot Hannah clumped off without him. Poor Apple Dumpling was stranded, and all he could see of his mother was those footprints.

Hannah did not know that Apple Dumpling was not behind her. She kept on moving toward the river and her morning bath.

Dumpling lost hold of his mother's tail.



Tears began to roll, but Apple Dumpling decided it was silly to cry. The thing to do was to find his mother; then he would be safe. Off he started.

Along the trail came Sam, the python, the terror of the jungle. At least, that is what Sam thought. Actually, Sam was only a little fellow, as pythons go, but he felt very important and dangerous.

Apple Dumpling saw what he thought was his mother's tail going by and he grabbed it. Sam looked in surprise and saw Apple Dumpling hanging onto his tail.

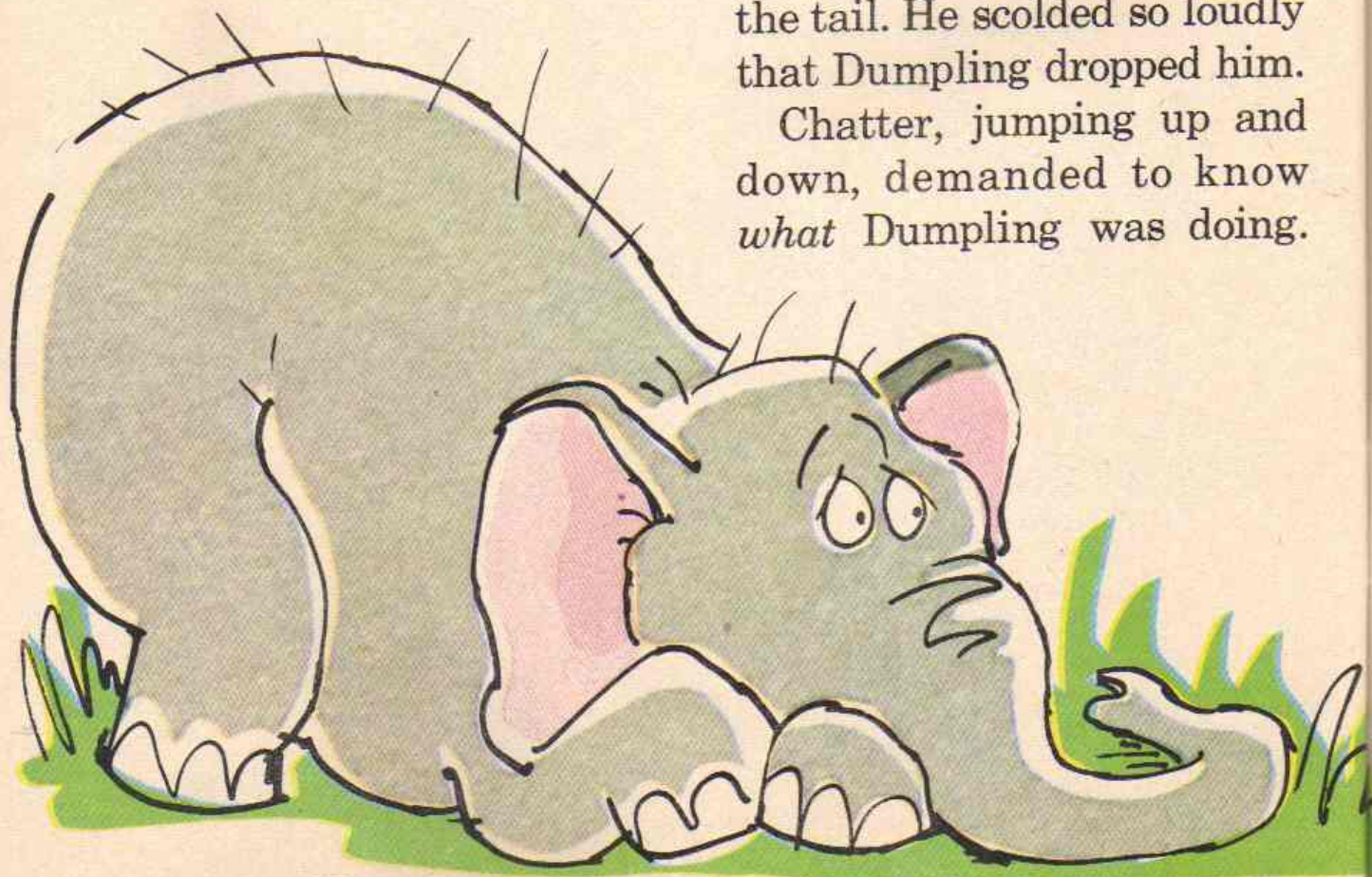
"What are you doing?" Sam said in a snaky voice. "Let go my tail. Let go!" He spoke in a loud tone because Apple Dumpling was still hanging on and yelling, "Mommy! Mommy!"

Finally, Dumpling realized that Sam was not his mother's tail. Sam, badly shaken, snaked off into the jungle and Apple Dumpling went on with his search.

Then he saw it. The missing tail was dangling from a tree. Dumpling grabbed it!

Chatter, the monkey, had been having a nice snooze. He was rudely awakened to find an elephant clutching him by the tail. He scolded so loudly that Dumpling dropped him.

Chatter, jumping up and down, demanded to know *what* Dumpling was doing.

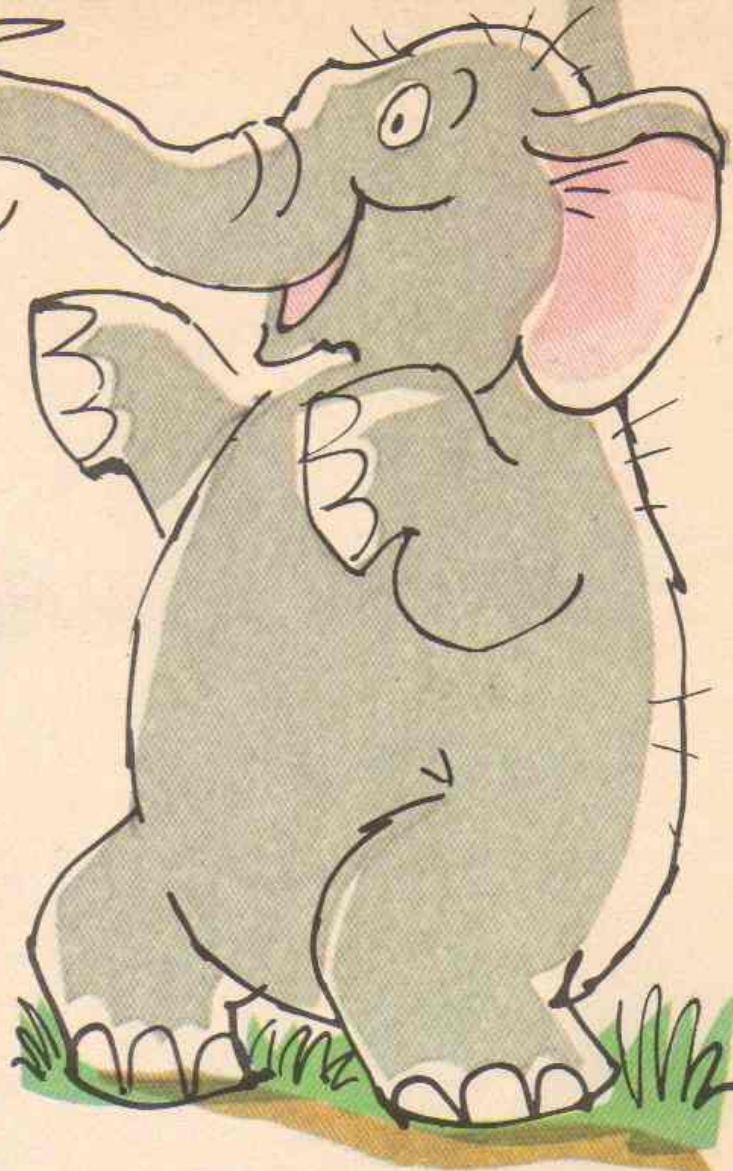




Dumpling replied politely that he was looking for his mother's tail. He apologized for his mistake and set off sadly. Would he *ever* find the right tail!

Buster, the alligator, was dozing peacefully in the sun when something grabbed his tail. Buster wasn't a big alligator, and he found himself swinging in the air from an elephant's trunk.


Buster, talking as calmly as he could, finally got Dumpling to explain why he had grabbed his tail. Dumpling was tired and frightened. He wouldn't let go of Buster's tail.



Buster found himself swinging in the air.

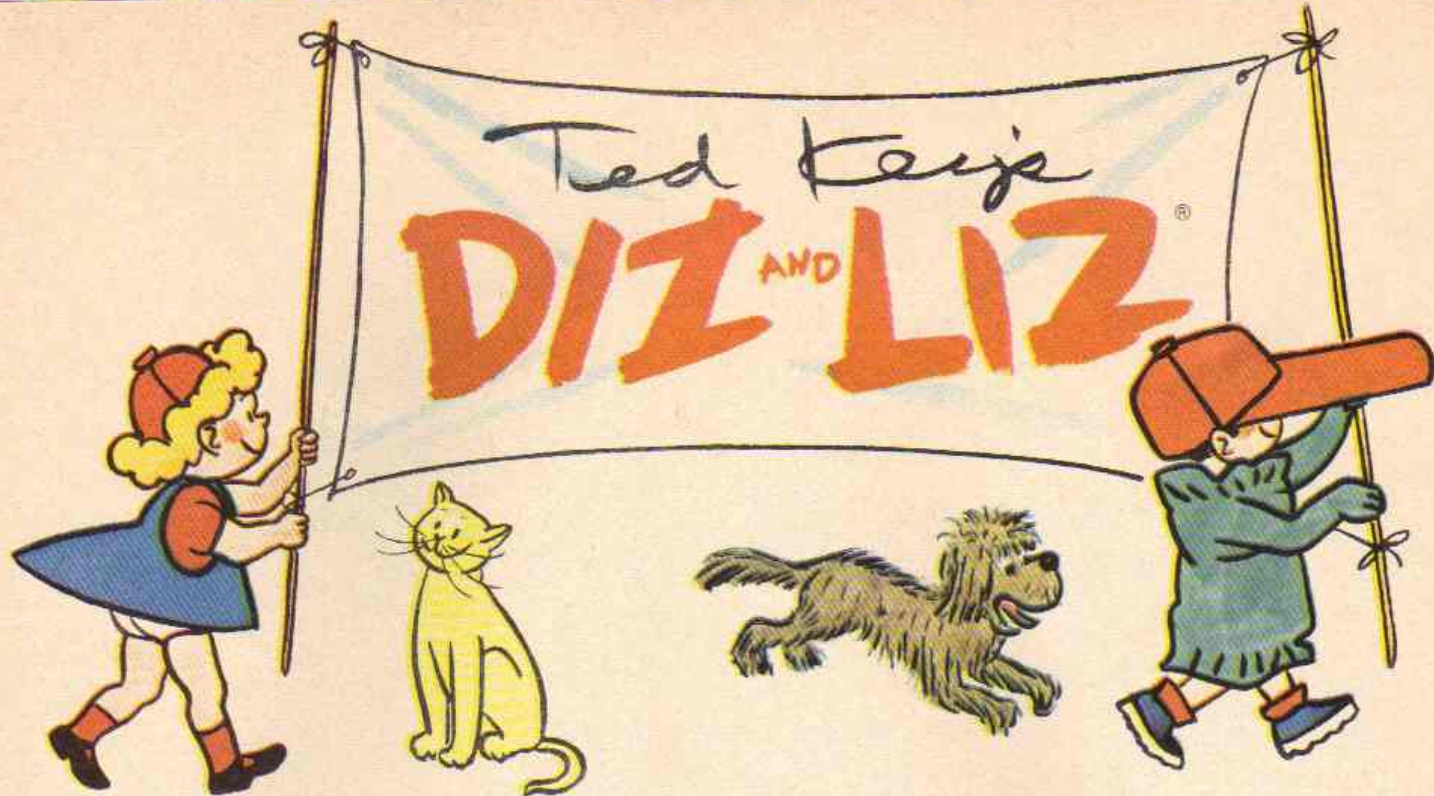
Then, all at once, Big Foot Hannah lumbered into view, spraying herself with cool, clear water.

"Mommy!" Dumpling yelled. In his excitement at finding his mother, he dropped Buster right on a great big rock.

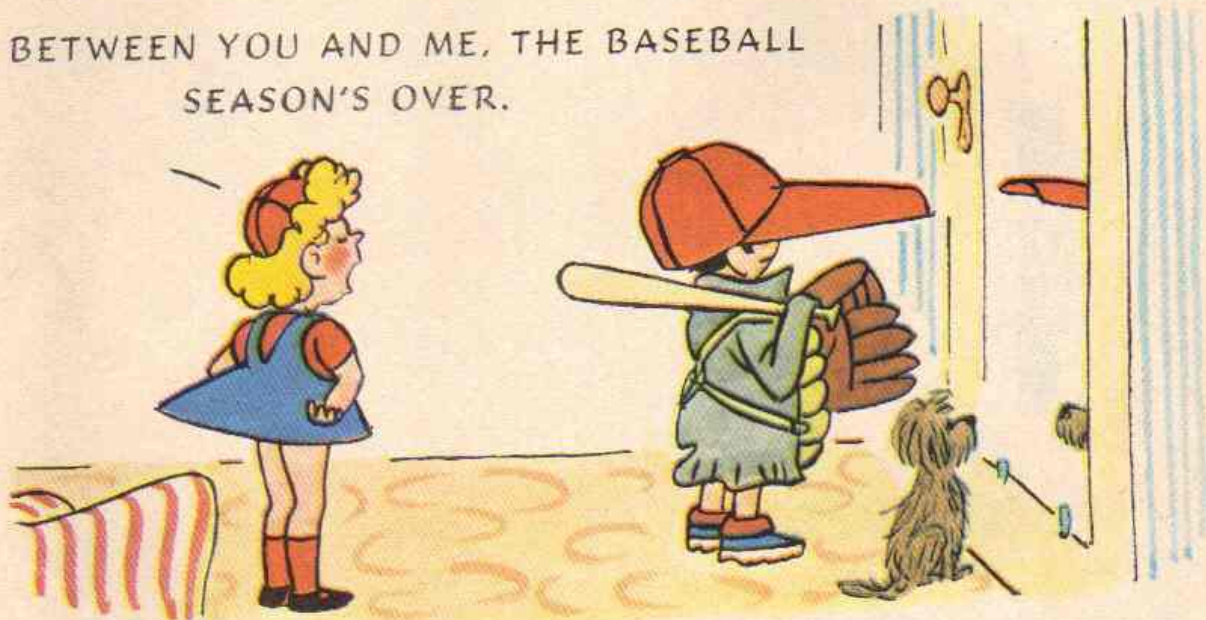
Dumpling told his mother that he had met three of the nicest animals in the world. He held on firmly as he told his tale of his adventures. 

Chatter scolded so loudly that Dumpling dropped him.

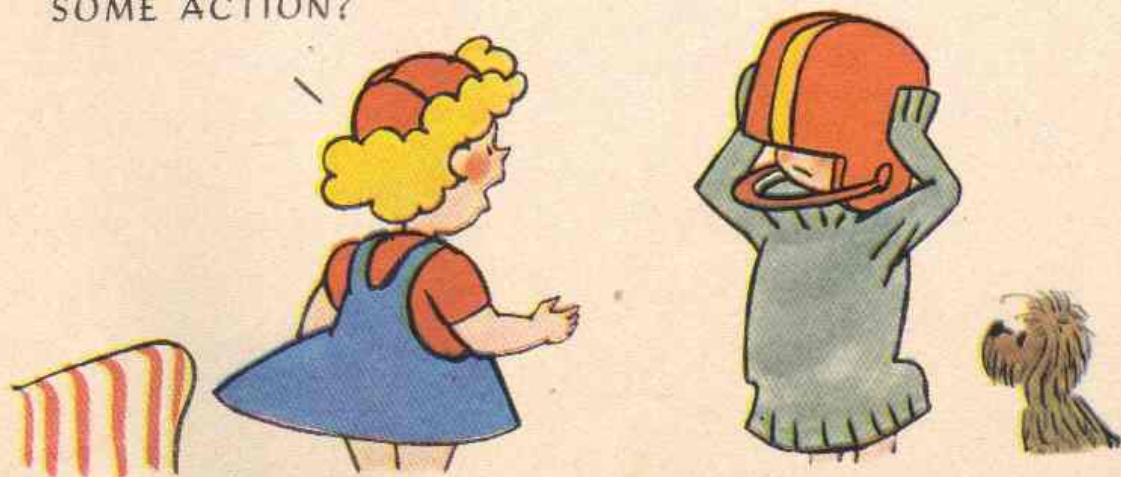




BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THE BASEBALL
SEASON'S OVER.

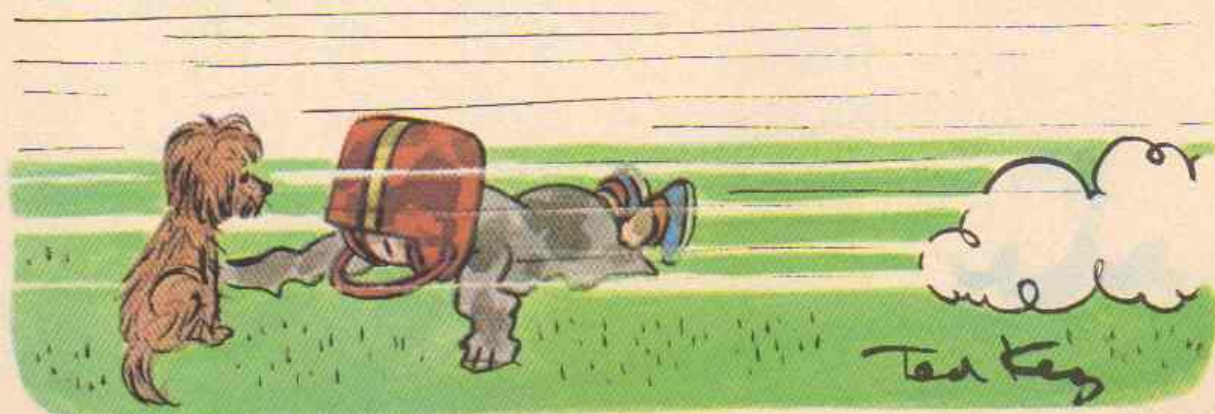


THAT'S MORE LIKE IT. NOW HOW ABOUT
SOME ACTION?





BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THE FOOTBALL
SEASON'S OVER.





The Search

By Joan A. Fairman

ONCE UPON A TIME in the far-off Land of Lug there dwelt a king named Melor, who ruled wisely and was deeply loved and respected. As the years passed, King Melor was saddened by one thing—he had no son to inherit his throne. But he did have two nephews, Tommas and



Gervin, whom he had spent many hours training in the business of kingdom management. The trouble was that the king could not decide which of his two fine nephews should sit on the throne.

On the eve of his eighty-twelfth birthday, King Melor summoned his Chief Advisor to the throne room. "I am growing old," the king said. "The palace is drafty, and my crown rests heavily on my head. I long for rest and comfort in the Land of Retirement."

The Chief Advisor adjusted the ermine robe around King Melor's knees. "Have you chosen a nephew yet to rule the Land of Lug, Your Majesty? The decision is difficult, I know."

The king frowned. "Both Tommas and Gervin are fine young men—in different ways. I'm sure Lug would prosper under either. However, the happiness of my people is of major importance." Melor paused and brushed aside a tear. "How can I be sure which is the right man to rule over them?"

The Chief Advisor scratched his head thoughtfully. "Ah ha!" he cried, leaping to his feet so suddenly he startled Melor, whose crown slipped halfway over one eye. When the Chief had finished whispering in his ear, Melor smiled. "Tell Tommas and Gervin I wish to see both of them immediately."

Within a few minutes, the Princes stood before their uncle's throne.

"As you know, one of you will soon be king," Melor told them.

Gervin eyed the jewels twinkling in his uncle's crown and thought, since I am the older, it is only right that I should have his throne.

Prince Tommas bowed low before the golden throne. How strange, he thought, that at this moment my heart is filled only with love for my uncle, and sadness at the thought of no longer serving him.

"I have one last request before I renounce my throne to one of you," Melor continued. "The Land of Lug is blessed with great wealth and prosperity, but there is one thing in the kingdom which I value above all else. Find that treasure and bring it to me—in three days." The king rose and went swiftly from the room.

Tommas walked over to a casement overlooking the palace garden and stood, deep in thought. Behind him, Gervin paced frantically to and fro. Suddenly he halted and clapped his hand to his head. "I know what Uncle means!" he cried. "Do you remember the legend of the Ruby in the Mountain?"

Tommas nodded. Everyone in the Land of Lug knew the ancient tale. The enormous ruby had been stolen from the throne of the first King of Lug many centuries ago. The thief had hidden the stone in a cave high on a mountain at the edge of the Land of Lug. An avalanche had made the thief's trail and the area surrounding the cave unsafe. To this day the slightest movement near the peak caused rockslides. Very few men had risked the nearly impossible climb—and none had succeeded. So far as anyone knew, the ruby still rested in its hiding place.

Gervin rubbed his hands eagerly. "I shall take strong horses and ropes and many men to help me." As he raced from the room he added, "In three days I shall be king!"

Tommas walked slowly to the Royal Stable and saddled his horse.

In his heart he did not consider the ruby the great treasure. Whatever the treasure is, he thought, it will help Uncle end his long reign in peace and contentment, and I shall find it for him—or at least I shall try my best.

Several hours later, Tommas reined his perspiring horse to a halt beneath a tree. "We'll rest here for a while. Perhaps I can think more clearly in the shade."

The sound of sobbing drifted through the air to him. "Woe is me," a voice cried. "Ah, woe is me!"

Tommas pushed aside some low-hanging branches, and spied an old woman sitting beside a broken fence. She was crying pitifully. "What is the trouble?" Tommas asked, wiping the tears from her cheeks.

The old woman sighed and grasped Tommas' hand. "Your Highness knows that my husband and I raise and tame deer for a living," she said brokenly. "My husband is ill and can't work in the field. An hour ago your brother Gervin and a band of men rode directly across my pastureland, knocking down the fence and shouting something about a ruby. My herd was terrified and scattered into the woods over there." The old woman began to cry again. "I shall never be able to recapture all of them," she sobbed, "and we shall surely starve."

Tommas helped the woman to her feet. "Ride swiftly to the palace," he said. "Tell the cook that Prince Tommas needs salt. If we make a salt trail from the woods to your pasture, the deer will follow it home. Hurry," he said as he lifted the woman into her wagon. "While you are gone I will repair your fence."

The old woman smiled gratefully. "Bless you, Prince Tommas," she



"We shall surely starve," she sobbed.

ART BY EDWARD F. CORTESE

called as she rode off. "We will never forget your kindness."

It was daybreak on the second day before the deer were back in the pasture. Prince Tommas had still not decided where to seek the treasure. He bowed his head as his horse plodded along the road. With all that good King Melor has taught me, I should know what he wants most, he thought miserably. Perhaps Gervin

truly deserves to be king. Suddenly an angry shout startled the prince. A man was kicking at his broken wagon beside the road.

"Can I help you, sir?" Tommas asked.

"It's all your brother's fault!" the man shouted. "Prince Gervin and a young army tore past me so fast they frightened my horse. He bolted, and my wagon crashed into these rocks;

the axle is broken. Now my load of tomatoes lies here rotting in the sun because I now have no way to carry them into town."

Tommas spent hours repairing the wagon, and finally went on his way.

Late that afternoon he found himself near the fabled mountain. It is too late for me to find the treasure, he thought sadly, but perhaps I can help Gervin in his search for the ruby. Truly he should be the king because the crown of Lug would weigh heavily on the head of one who has so little wisdom as I.

Tommas was starting up the mountainside when he saw a group of shepherds beside a small shack in a ravine. Rocks lay nearby, and a large boulder had smashed through the roof of the shack. "Help us, Your Highness," the people cried as Tommas hurried down the ravine. "Prince Gervin has gone up to the cave. We warned him that he would cause an avalanche, but he paid no heed. The rocks have smashed our homes, and a man is trapped inside this shack. His leg is pinned by that boulder."

Tommas raced to the shack. "Bring me that beam," he ordered. He thrust one end of the huge beam beneath the boulder. Then he pushed a large rock under the upended beam. "Now we'll all lean on the beam and roll the boulder away from your friend," Tommas directed. The men followed his instructions. Very slowly the boulder rolled away from the man. Amid another fall of rocks, the Prince carried the injured shepherd to safety. "I will return tomorrow with the royal carpenters to help rebuild your homes," Tommas promised as the men and their families flocked around him. "But now I must go

back to the castle. My uncle will be waiting for me."

On the third day the two princes again stood before King Melor and his court. The king looked searchingly at his nephews. "Well," he said, "what have you brought me?"

Prince Gervin stepped forward and bowed low. "Your Majesty, I have brought you the Ruby of the Mountain," he said smugly. With a grand flourish, he laid the enormous gem at his uncle's feet.


"A fine treasure, indeed," Melor agreed as the entire court gasped at the fiery ruby. The king turned to Tommas, who stood quietly at his brother's side. "And what of you, Tommas?" he inquired. "Where is the treasure you brought?"

Tommas felt his heart would surely break. "I have brought nothing, Your Majesty," he said haltingly. "I did not find—"

"One moment, King Melor," the Chief Advisor said as he threw open the casement window. He pointed to an enormous crowd of people gathered in the courtyard below. "Listen, Sire. Here is the treasure Prince Tommas has brought back."

"Long live Prince Tommas," the people cried in unison. "Strong and brave and gentle, he helped us in our need. LONG LIVE THE PRINCE!"

Melor smiled at Tommas. "Well done, nephew," the king said. "You have brought back the respect and love of your people. A wise ruler knows that *that* is the greatest treasure of all." Carefully he placed his jeweled crown upon Tommas' head.

"Invite the people of the kingdom into the palace," Melor called out. "Bid them come to greet Tommas, King of the Land of Lug." 

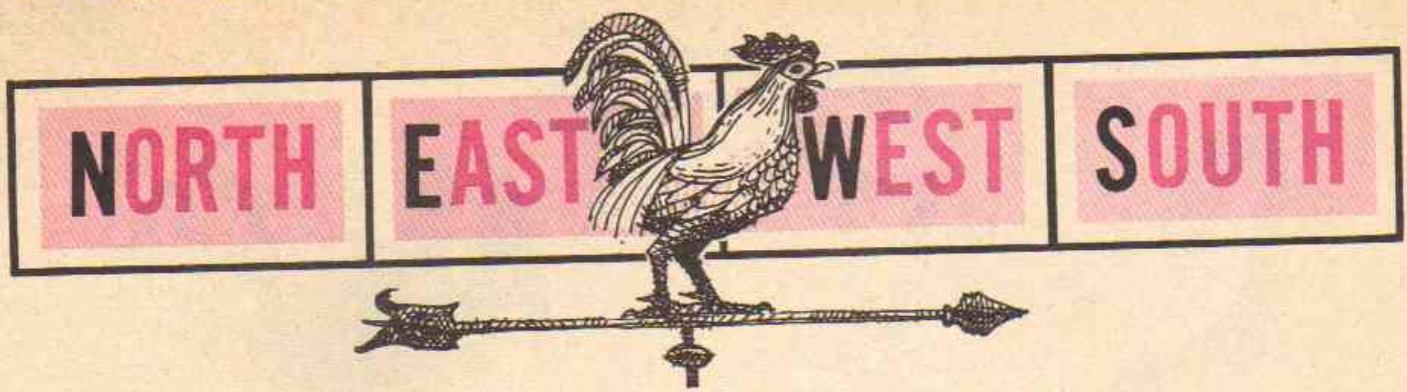


DANDY DANCERS



Paste this page on heavy paper. When dry, cut out the dolls.
Insert your fingers and make them walk and dance.





CALIFORNIA

Dear JACK AND JILL: Last year in our school's Halloween carnival I was lucky enough to win a cake in the cakewalk. It was a chocolate cake with white frosting. *Mary Euleth, 10 years*

NEW YORK

Dear JACK AND JILL: My friend Nicole and I pile leaves below the swing. Then we take turns swinging and jumping off into the leaves.

Leonora Kellerman, 10 years

HONDURAS, C. A.

Dear JACK AND JILL: I play football at an English school. We play Army against Navy. I am on the Navy's side. Navy has won most of the games.

Doug Livingston, 8 years

ALASKA

Dear JACK AND JILL: I was born in Waco, Texas. I have a cat named Susy. She is all black. I think she goes off with a witch on Halloween.

Lori Curran, 10 years

MARYLAND

Dear JACK AND JILL: My Sunday school teacher always gives me pumpkin seeds to plant in our garden. Last year we had five pumpkins. We kept two for Halloween. *Mary Kendall, 6 years*

TEXAS

Dear JACK AND JILL: A puppy has adopted us. We didn't know what kind it was, but thanks to my April JACK AND JILL we found out. She is a Husky. I'm glad to have her and my JACK AND JILL.

Kelley Farmer, 10 years

ILLINOIS

Dear JACK AND JILL: My hobby is raising kittens to give away to people who like black cats. Many people want black cats for Halloween. I have already given away 12 of them, and I have one kitten left. His name is Inky. The mother cat is a black Persian called Shadow. *Michalene Downing, 9 years*

ARGENTINA

Dear JACK AND JILL: How would you like to have three days of Halloween? Our carnival here is something like that. Everybody buys water pistols and squirts everyone. When my sister Beth and I were going to the bakery, two boys squirted us. Everyone gets very wet, but it's fun. At night we dress up and go masquerading.

Susan Shirley, 10 years

KOREA

Dear JACK AND JILL: I am a little Korean boy. Last Christmas my aunt gave me JACK AND JILL as a gift. Then I became your new friend. I am in first grade of primary school. I have studied English with my aunt for two years.

Han Dong Soo, 7 years

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dear JACK AND JILL: My teacher comes from Australia. One day we were having art and she said, "Put your paper in the bin." That is what she calls a wastebasket. *Deborah Corey, 9 years*

PENNSYLVANIA

Dear JACK AND JILL: I play the organ and piano. I had my first recital when I was 5.

Monna Gangler, 6 years



OUR READERS WRITE US

Dear Readers: We try to print as many of your letters, stories, poems, drawings, and snapshots as we can. **NO MATERIAL CAN BE RETURNED.** Be sure your **Name, Age, Full Address (Street, City, State, Zip Code)** are on everything you send to **JACK AND JILL, Independence Square, Phila., Pa. 19105**

NEWS NOTES

VICKI NELSON, of NEW JERSEY, writes to us about her 9th birthday. She celebrated it while flying back home from a visit to Texas. While the plane was 30,000 feet up in the air, the airline presented her with a birthday cake. It was a birthday Vicki and her family will never forget. RANDY MORRIS, 11, likes football. He plays both quarterback and end, and he tells us that his team is usually the winner. Randy's home is in MONTANA. NANCY SMALLEY'S home has a unique fireplace. Her father built it out of fieldstones picked up at various places all across Canada. Nancy writes they have stones from as far west as British Columbia and as far east as Ontario. Nancy is 8, and her home is in CANADA. NOLA POLLARD, 9, is already planning her future. When she grows up she intends to buy some ponies and raise them on her father's farm. Then she will invite orphans to come out and go riding because riding is such a healthy sport. VIRGINIA is Nola's home state. On the other hand, JOHN HEINZEN, 8, of MINNESOTA, has decided to become a lawyer and a governor. We wish him well. RAY KIMMELMAN, 8, writes about the magazine, called "Pumpkin-head," he publishes on his typewriter. He also draws a cartoon. Ray sells his drawings to friends. He is a PENNSYLVANIAN. ANITA STEVENS has a horse that is most particular about the weight it carries. Anyone heavier than Anita is promptly bucked off. Anita is 11, and she lives on a farm in IOWA. TINA MILLER, 10, writes from OHIO. Tina's home is full of musical instruments. There are 3 tambourines, 2 violins, a piano, a guitar, a banjo, and an accordion. Hers is indeed a musical household.



OHIO
David Tyler
Age 10

MINNESOTA
Kathy Kiewel
Age 9



CALIFORNIA
Janet Menager
Age 10

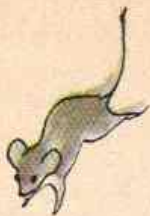
LOUISIANA
Barwick De Moss
Age 11



DELAWARE
Pat Sue Slaughter
Age 9

MASSACHUSETTS
Ronald Welch
Age 7





MICE MEETING

By Helen Pettigrew

A play for any number of characters. If there are several actors, each "mouse" speech can be spoken by a different person.

Scene: Living room or classroom. The only necessary furniture is a table or stand for the chairman.

(Mice scamper in on all fours; sit down. Chairman enters last and goes to stand. He raps for order.)

CHAIRMAN: . . . Brother mice and sister mice,
I have called you from your houses
Not to talk of this and that,
But to do something about that cat!

MICE: (applauding) Hear, hear!

MOUSE: Public enemy number one!

MOUSE: Something simply must be done!

MOUSE: Pussyfooting here and there,
Sneaking on us everywhere!

MOUSE: Every time I hear him mew
I just want to call out BOOOOO!

MICE: BOOOO, BOOOO, BOOOOO, BOOOOOOOO!

CHAIRMAN: . . . Quiet there! Quiet there!
(rapping with gavel) This isn't getting us anywhere!

CHEESY: Mr. Chairman, . . .

CHAIRMAN: . . . All right. Cheesy,
You have the floor,
But make it breezy!

MOUSE: Oh no, not him!

MOUSE: He'll take all day!

MICE: Sit down, Cheesy!
Down, we say!

CHAIRMAN: . . . Quiet! Cheesy has the floor
For just one minute, but no more!

CHEESY: Fellow mice, from morning's call
(scampers to stand) Until the evening shadows fall
We are living lives of fear
Wondering if that cat is near!



MICE: What's the point?
We all know that!

CHEESY: Well then, why not bell the cat?
When we hear the bell, I say
We'll have time to get away. (Mice clap loudly.)

MOUSE: Why couldn't I have thought of that!

MOUSE: Cheesy's smart! He's saved the day!

MICE: Hurray for Cheesy! Ray! Hurray!

CHEESY: (bows) Thank you. It is very nice
To be of help to fellow mice. (He scampers back to his seat.)

SOLON: (in back) Mr. Chairman, (Mice continue to applaud.)

CHAIRMAN: Quiet! Quiet in the house!
I give the floor to Solon Mouse!

SOLON: (scampers to the table)
Who is going to bell the cat?
Did you happen to think of that?
(Long pause. Everything is very quiet.)

SOLON: I am waiting. Do I hear
Any of you volunteer?

MOUSE: It's Cheesy's idea.

MOUSE: He's the one
To bell the cat
Or have it done!

MOUSE: Come on, Cheesy,
You're so smart!

CHEESY: Oh no, Oh no!
I've done my part!

SOLON: It seems nobody
Wants to try.

MOUSE: Cheesy goofed again!

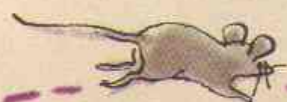
MICE: Oh, my!

SOLON: We've all goofed, it seems to me,
But we have learned one thing. You see,
There is a difference—quite a bit—
In proposing a thing, and doing it!

MOUSE: Yes, we've learned that.

MICE: (cheering) You bet! You bet!

MOUSE: It's something we won't soon forget!
(Loud meow of cat is heard from left. Mice scamper out at right.)





A NEW KIND OF KITTY

By VIRGINIA LEE • Art by Robert Jefferson

SCAREALEEN WITCH didn't fly much anymore, and she never had been much of a housekeeper, so it took her more than an hour just to get her flying gear in order. The old broom wobbled when Scarealeen climbed aboard. She muttered the magic words of fly, and they were off!

They sailed high over the Rockies, low over the plains and valleys, and up again over the Appalachian Range. The bristles of the old broom gave a little swishing sound and several straws floated down toward the earth. The broom handle made a little crackling noise.

Scarealeen adjusted her bifocals and scowled down at the broom. "Be quiet, Broom! I'm not sure where I want to go this Halloween. In the last hundred years we have gone to almost everyplace," she said. "These autumn nights are chillier than I can ever remember." She pulled her black robes closer about her.

The broom gave off more creaking sounds of stress and distress.

"Head south, Broom!" the old witch commanded. With a swish of bristles the old broom turned southward. Scarealeen adjusted her slipping glasses and took a firmer hold on

the handle of the creaking and gasping broom. She settled herself.

CRACK!

"What was that?" The noise startled Scarealeen. She loosened her cloak and rubbed her eyes. "I must have dozed a little. My, it's warm—where are we, Broom?" she asked. She could see nothing below but a vast forest.

The broom swished its straw tail as if to say it didn't know either.

"You're not the navigator you once were, Broom. Fly down lower, so I can get a better look."

The broom swept low over miles of dark greenery. Scarealeen peered down unbelievably. "Just HOW far south did you fly, Broom? This looks like a jungle."

Creak—crack—SNAP! The old broom broke right in two. The wooden handle and the straw brush fell into the thick jungle foliage, and so did poor Scarealeen, right on top of a large fern tree. She floundered about in the thick vines entwined with the leaves and, after a struggle, slipped and slid to the dark jungle floor.

"That did it," she snapped, as she brushed herself off and straightened her robes. "That is the last time I'll depend on you. I was never too crazy about brooms, anyway. Now, where are my bifocals?"

As Scarealeen groped in the underbrush, she heard strange sounds about her. Monkeys chattered from the

branches over her head. Brightly colored birds filled the air with singing warnings. Some sort of beast snarled in the dark undergrowth.

Scarealeen felt something brush against her legs. "Is that you, Broom?" the old witch demanded. RIP! Something batted at the raggle-tail edge of her cloak.

"Who are you?" the grounded sorceress demanded angrily. "Come out and show yourself."

Again the something brushed against Scarealeen's legs. Quickly the old witch bent down and picked up a large, snarling cat with a black-spotted coat. "My, my, you're a big kitty," said Scarealeen, stroking the cat between his soft, rounded ears. The ocelot's reddish-brown eyes studied the sorceress thoroughly. He twitched his long tail back and forth, hitting Scarealeen in the face as he did.

"Nice kitty," Scarealeen said, scratching the ocelot's back. "How

Something batted at the raggle-tail edge of her cloak.



would you like to come home with me? I've been wanting a new cat, a good-sized one. I usually keep only black cats, but I like spotted cats, too. I'll just tie this around your neck so you won't stray." Scarealeen reached for what she thought was a small vine. Before she could touch it, her new pet pounced on the "vine."

"My, my, cat, don't be afraid of a little vine."

The ocelot snarled at the vine-like snake and tossed it from the path.


"Broom, show yourself. It's time to go home," the witch said. The obedient broom assembled its broken parts as best it could.

"My, Broom, you seem to be in two," the old witch declared, squinting at the broom. "I don't see too well; my bifocals don't focus. Climb on, kitty." Scarealeen gave the ocelot a shove onto the broom.

The ocelot replied with a loud snarl and a slashing paw that barely missed its mark.

Scarealeen ignored his comment. She was deep in thought. "That little spill seems to have jarred my senses a bit," Scarealeen said aloud. "I can't seem to remember the magic words for takeoff. 'I fish for white.' No, that's not it. 'I wish for flight . . . uhm . . . with all my might.'"

The broom swept the old witch and her new cat homeward.

Scarealeen never tried magic again, except to repair the broom. (It was forever after slightly crooked.) She never even got out her caldron to brew up anything for her new pet. She just put her kitty on a leash, and the two walked to the store for everything they needed. The store owner, after one look at Scarealeen's cat, was very quick to give it to them. 

The ocelot replied with a loud snarl.



The Magic of Science

By Bill Taylor and Gladys Felice

Here are two simple tricks that will be fun to try at your Halloween party.
Each one illustrates an interesting fact about the action of air.

BLOW OUT THE CANDLE

Punch a small hole in the top of an empty oatmeal box. Hold box on its side in one hand, with the hole near the flame of a candle. Tap sharply on the other end, and the candle flame will go out. (It is possible to do this with one tap, but the best we could do was three quick ones.)

Why does it work?

The tapping puts pressure on the air in the box. Since the small hole is the only place it can go, the air is forced out in a spurt strong enough to blow out the candle.

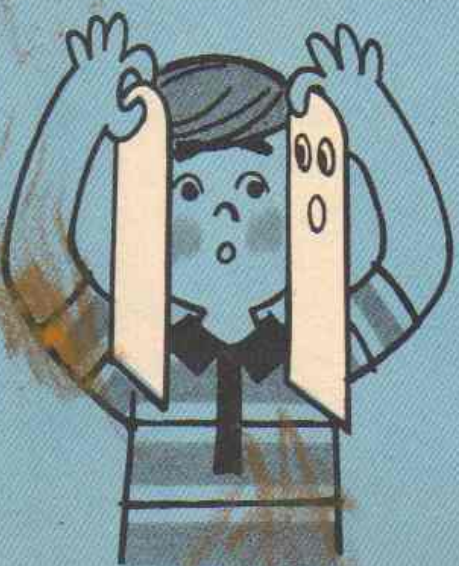
BLOW AWAY THE GHOSTS

Use two pieces of white paper shaped like ghosts, with big eyes. (This works just as well with plain strips of paper, if you prefer.) Hold the "ghosts" in front of your face, about five inches apart, and try to drive them away by blowing between them. Instead of going away, the stubborn ghosts will move closer together!

Why does it work?

When the air is still, the air pressure all around the strips of paper is the same. However, when you blow between them some of the air is removed, leaving an area of low pressure. Thus the outer air pushes the strips inward.

ART BY EARL HANDY





DOUGLAS
BAILEY

❖ AT MY DESK ❖

Ali the Camel

Ali the Camel lived in the middle of the desert. He was different from other camels. He wore a white coat. He always bragged about his coat. One day his friends decided that they had had enough of his bragging and planned to do something about it. They built a platform and placed it above the path to Ali's home. When Ali saw it he grew nervous but he went under it anyway. After a while, he went under it without even thinking. Then one day his friends fixed it so that the next time he walked under the platform a can of brown paint would spill over him. Everything worked as planned and the camel's coat was turned to brown. Ali didn't complain. He said, "I never really liked my white coat. It was too hard to keep clean."

Peggy Peterson, 11 years

Autumn

*I like the woods in autumn
When dry leaves hide the ground,
When the trees are bare
And the wind sweeps by
With a lonesome, rushing sound.*

Elizabeth Wang, 10 years

More Daffynitions

Hair: Ear-to-ear carpeting.
Kidnap: What a small child takes after lunch.

Michela Maitland, 9 years

A Scary Night

I was taking a walk one cold moonlit night. The wind went right through me. It swayed the pine trees. Bats screeched above me. My shadow looked scrawny. I was scared. Suddenly something grabbed me. I screamed. It was only my sock caught on a branch. What a scary night!

Cindy Rauter, 10 years



Seasons

*Spring comes, spring goes;
Summer comes, summer goes;
Fall comes, fall goes;
Leaves turn colors and frost
glows.*

Gini Olsen, 12 years



A True Story

My mother awoke one night and felt something climbing over her. She was scared. It was very dark so she reached for the light but it was unplugged. She ran into the hall and turned on that light. Then she saw a little furry thing—my hamster. It had got out of its cage. Mother put the hamster in the bathtub so it couldn't climb up the slippery sides. Next morning I put him back in his cage.

Sheryl Gordon, 10 years

Original Writings by our JACK AND JILL Readers

HEATHER
KINKEAD



Ballet of the Leaves

Once upon a time the Leaf Fairy lived in a big castle in an enchanted forest. She had power over all the leaves. Her four servants were Mr. Winter, Mrs. Spring, Miss Autumn, and Baby Summer. Whenever the Leaf Fairy needed some dancers she ordered the leaves to put on their most colorful costumes. Then they danced in the wind.

Jill Juppé, 12 years

Halloween

*Halloween is scary; it gives
one quite a fright.*

*Halloween is spooky, especially
at night.*

*Ghosts and goblins in the street,
Frightening everyone they meet;
But Halloween is fun with treats
and candy.*

Halloween is fine and dandy.

Lisa Kline, 9 years

JUNIOR ACROSTIC, p. 13: A. Brine; B. Quill; C. Asia; D. Chain; E. Right; F. Party; G. Lean; H. Three; I. Swim; J. Code; K. Chirp; L. Bathe; M. Shoe; N. Night; O. Shine; P. Deed; Q. Hint; R. One; S. In; T. All; U. Neat: He had rabbits in the pantry, white mice in his piano, a squirrel in the linen closet, and a hedgehog in the cellar. **PERKY PUPPET PUZZLE PAGES:** pp. 32-33: Pumpkin Puzzle—apples; costume; gum; party; mask; witch; orange. Mother Goose Arithmetic—24, 10, 7, 3, 6. The Discoverer—plum, boss, chore, cur, hit: Christopher Columbus. Riddles—1. It's worsted; 2. The cat has claws at the end of its paws; the comma is a pause at the end of a clause. 3. Wrong; 4. It's too far to walk; 5. When it is taut (taught). Word Food—1. mat, mate; 2. dim, dime; 3. man, mane; 4. past, paste; 5. pin, pine; 6. cap, cape; 7. tin, tine; 8. twin, twine; 9. quit, quite; 10. pal, pale. **HIDDEN IN HALLOWEEN:** p. 44—1. allow; 2. low; 3. ewe; 4. hall; 5. hen; 6. new; 7. whole; 8. lean; 9. heel; 10. alone; 11. when; 12. whale; 13. heal; 14. lane; 15. hello; 16. now; 17. eel; 18. howl; 19. lawn; 20. wheel.

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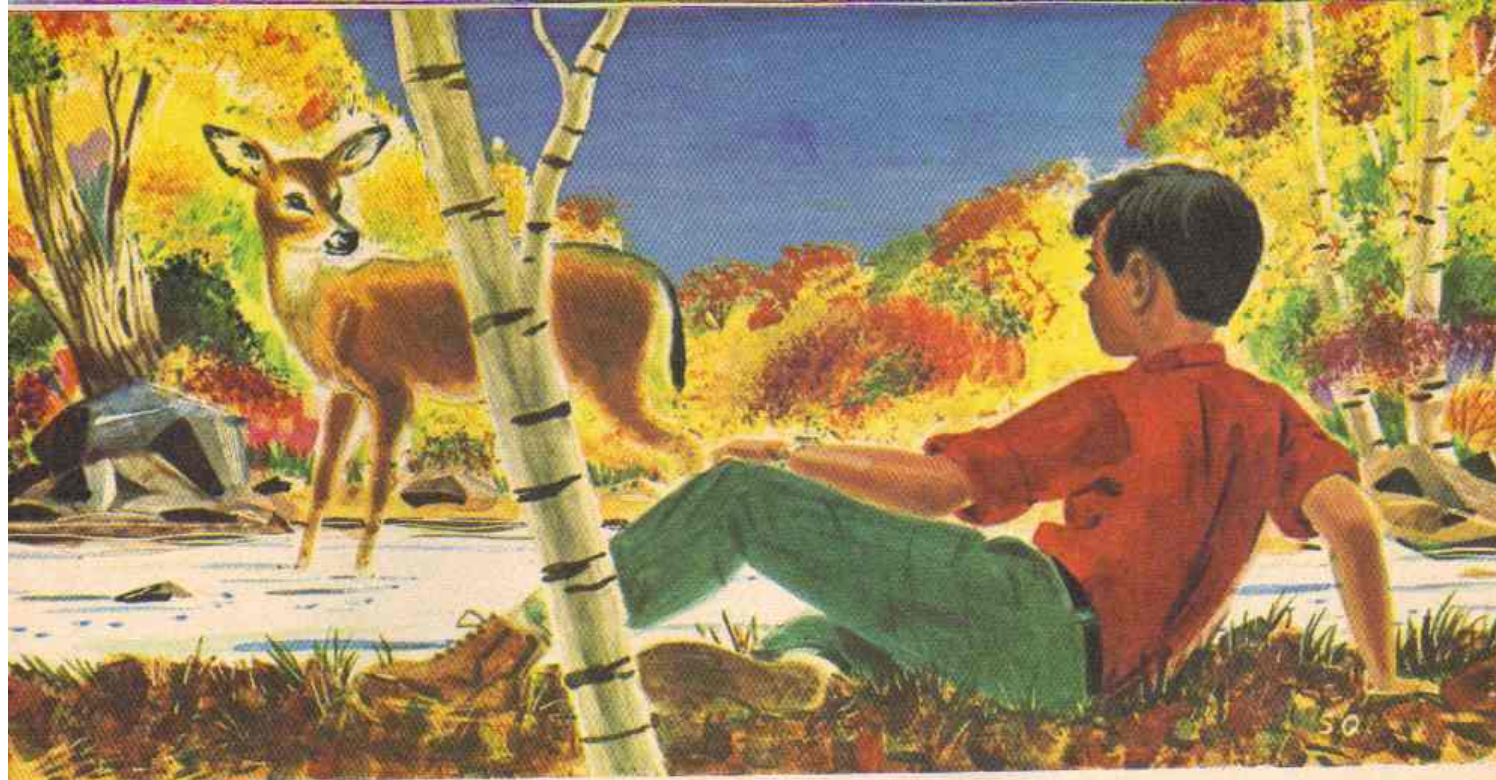
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ART BY SIDNEY QUINN

A Fable for Today

By DAN SAULTS

One sunny June afternoon in the Kingdom of Thilgert, Arthur was walking in the forest when he discovered he was lost. Let's not worry about how he got lost, because this really isn't a true story; we only have to walk with young Arthur along the lonely hills sleeping under blankets of oaks and tall pines.


Arthur wasn't afraid; he knew he could find his way out. He had been in the woods and had wandered through the fields, so he kept his wits about him. One thing he remembered was that water flows downhill. He reasoned that there was sure to be a brook leading to a stream, and the stream would flow into a river. Where there are rivers there are people.

He had two sandwiches in his jacket pocket and Arthur not only knew about water and gravity, but he knew people don't starve as easily as well-fed people sometimes believe. So he moved downhill in search of a stream.

Finally he came to a little gully where a trickle of water was draining into a larger valley with a brook. The oaks became cottonwoods and the sun of Thilgert was warm as Arthur followed the water downhill. His shoes got wet, but he laughed with the brook as it rippled and bubbled gaily along. The valley became shadowy as the sun dropped low behind the hills.

Arthur built a fire before darkness overtook him. (There was plenty of deadwood, and he was old enough to carry matches.) He was careful to light the twigs on the gravel bar near the brook; then he laid on heavier branches, knowing flames would not spread on the rocks. Dried grasses and leaves gave him a mattress; as darkness came down he ate one sandwich and watched the stars twinkle through the trees. It was very quiet, and he jumped when a fox barked on a ridge above him. But he was not afraid when something splashed in





the water below his campsite—probably a coon feeding, thought Arthur, and went to sleep.

He woke up cold and stiff. A wisp of smoke curled from his fire to join a silver mist floating above the brook. When he raised his head, a deer drinking on the other side lifted its muzzle out of the water and gazed at him. Then it snorted gently, spun on tiny hooves, flashed a white tail, and took off with quiet leaps deeper into the woods. Arthur knelt and drank where the deer had drunk. The water looked clear and he knew there were no industries this far upstream to spoil it.

He ate his last sandwich and made sure his fire was out. The sun drank the last of the mist that hovered over the brook.

As he went on, the brook joined a stream, and his muscles loosened up. He whistled at a gray squirrel scurrying along the ground. The water glinted as the sun rose and a breeze stirred leaves on the slopes. When the brook widened into a crystal pool, Arthur stopped to watch wavering gleams of fish that hung beneath the surface, fanning fins, and with heads pointing upstream. A kingfisher swooped down for a minnow; and far off something—probably a bird—called three liquid notes. The forest was awake. Small noises rustled all around.

After a long while Arthur stopped to rest. He lay back against a great boulder and looked up into blue depths where wings swept and soared and hovered, lulling and lovely. It was some time before he realized that the birds were buzzards. He napped for a while. His watch had stopped

and he had no way of knowing that it was not really time for napping.

Eventually he went on, and the stream grew larger as other brooks entered it. He was lonely but not alone; life pulsed, rustled, and called around him. He was almost happy, and he forgot to be afraid or hungry.

Then he moved out from the last hills and came into a broad valley where the creek flowed into a great river. Down the valley wound a band of concrete, a wide ribbon thickly spotted with moving vehicles very close to each other; the smell of their passing made the air heavy and gray.

The sunlight that had winked from the clear waters of the brook and stream now flashed from bent cans and broken bottles; the breeze left its dead leaves to nuzzle paper scraps beside the traffic tangle. Arthur went down by the creek and under a bridge with automobiles swishing overhead, and came to the river he had been seeking.

The water was murky, and gaseous bubbles popped on its greasy surface. Something unknown was decaying under the water. Old tires lay in the slime along with all the broken junk. The buzzards no longer soared; here they waddled on the ground and fed on the filth. Gray smoke rose from a smoldering fire on the far bank, but the sun did not drink this fog as it had the mist earlier that morning.

Arthur stood by the river, his feet sinking in the stinking ooze.

"Now I am not lost anymore," he said aloud.

"Or maybe we are all lost," he said, gazing sadly at the river.



Problem at Goblin's Ditch

By Keo Felker Lazarus

Once there lived at Goblin's Ditch
 A witch named WHO and one named WHICH.
 They looked alike, and no one knew
 Which witch was WHICH and which was WHO.
 The scarecrows poor and pumpkins rich
 All asked each other, "Which is which?
 How can we tell, between these two,
 Just who is WHICH and which is WHO?"
 But Grandpa Owl, up in his niche,
 Winked one big eye—he knew each witch.
 When they flew by, as witches do,
 He'd call to WHICH and then to WHO.
 For, riding on a broomstick switch,
 Witch WHO was just behind Witch WHICH.
 They never changed. That's how he knew,
 And always cried, "To WHICH! To WHOO!"



Art by Jack Weaver

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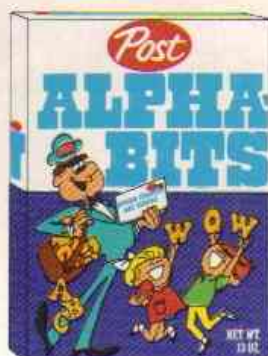


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By Our Readers

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